

# THE MANHATTAN.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1883.

NO. I.



## PRINCETON COLLEGE.

THE history of a college, like that of a nation, is something more and better than a catalogue of famous names, a narrative of startling achievements, a record of architectural growth and pecuniary acquisitions. It is the story of an organic life, unfolding itself from an ideal germ, controlled by fixed principles, and conditioned by a certain environment. A great institution of learning has an individual and personal character. It is not a chance aggregation of men and buildings, but an organism, and before we can really understand its nature or its history we must know its vital spirit and the law of its development. This is especially true of Princeton College. You cannot understand its position and its growth, you cannot get a right conception of its character and the work that it has done, unless you know the idea in which it had its birth, and which has always guided its career.

This idea was the necessary union of true religion and sound learning. The founders of the college, leading men in the rapidly-growing colonies of New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, believed that the future welfare of the country depended on the maintenance of this union. They thought that both Christianity and culture were essential to the prosperity of a people. They believed that religion could best be defended by the aid of philosophy and science. They believed also that philosophy and science could best be developed from the Christian standpoint and under Christian influences.

And therefore they sought the sanction of the government for the establishment of "a seminary of true religion and good literature" within the Province of New Jersey. After some delay, and a churlish refusal on the part of Governor Morris, this sanction was obtained from Governor Hamilton, and thus the College of New Jersey came into being in the year 1746. It was the fourth in the sisterhood of American colleges, one hundred and ten years younger than Harvard, eighty-six years younger than William and Mary, forty-five years younger than Yale.

Almost all of the men who were concerned in the founding of the new college were Presbyterians; the majority of them were clergymen; and the immediate object which they had before them was to secure a supply of intelligent and well-educated men for the ministry. But this specific object was included in the wider purpose of general Christian education, and they were careful from the first to disavow any sectarian purpose. The charter of the college secured "equal liberties and privileges to every denomination of Christians, any different religious sentiments notwithstanding." Princeton has never been a church institution. She has served the church, and the church has served her. But there is no organic connection between them, and no ecclesiastical control has ever been exercised over college affairs.

The first powerful friend that the new college found was Jonathan Belcher, Esq., his Majesty's Governor of New Jersey. He was

a Boston merchant, a graduate of Harvard, a man of liberal culture, generous spirit and considerable wealth. Coming to New Jersey to assume the Governorship he found the infant college in a very precarious condition, carried about from place to place, first settled in the house of the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, the first president, at Elizabethtown; then removed at his death, under the presidency of the Rev. Aaron Burr, to Newark, seeking vainly for "a local habitation and a name," threatened with being torn in two by the jealousies of the gentlemen of East Jersey and West Jersey (who seemed inclined to play the parts of the rival mothers before the judgment seat of Solomon), and possessing

a charter which may have been valid, but certainly was not strong enough to defend the college from the assaults of the envious and malicious. The new Governor at once became deeply interested in the struggling institution, took it under his personal protection, "adopted it

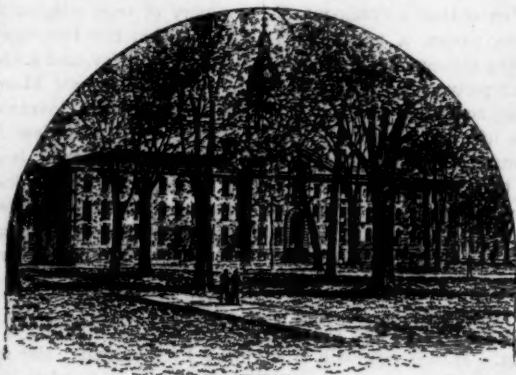
for a daughter," to use his own words, and earnestly devoted himself to promote its welfare. He issued a new charter, with royal approval, in which the privileges of the college were established and much enlarged. He brought about a final settlement of the question of location. He laid the foundation of a library by the gift of his own books, many of them valuable folios. To the end of his life he was the wise and generous patron of the college.

The place chosen for the establishment of the college and the erection of its permanent buildings was Princeton, a little village situated about half way between New York and Philadelphia. Doubtless the central location had something to do with determining the choice; and the trustees must also have taken into consideration the healthfulness

of the place, which stands on a well-wooded ridge of high ground. But the inhabitants of Princeton also had something to do with the decision, for they offered liberal inducements—ten acres of cleared land, two hundred acres of woodland, and one thousand pounds proclamation money, to be given to the college if it should be located in their town. Their offer was accepted, and thus the little village became one of the classic spots of our new republic.

In 1753 the trustees appointed a committee to set about the building of a college and a president's house. But before this could be done there was one prerequisite which must be obtained—money. Hitherto the sup-

port of the college had come from students' fees, private subscriptions, and the profits of two lotteries, one drawn in Pennsylvania and the other in Connecticut. At that time this was not considered, by any means, a disreputable way of raising money. The good Presbyterians did not



NORTH COLLEGE.

have any moral objections to it. They did not even think it necessary to disguise it, as they now do, under the name of a fair. But they were dissatisfied with it because it failed to bring them large enough proceeds for their purposes. So they appointed the Rev. Gilbert Tennent and the Rev. Samuel Davies commissioners to visit Great Britain and Ireland and solicit funds for the aid of the college. The Rev. Mr. Davies was an eloquent preacher, who afterward became widely known, and was the fourth president of the college. Mr. Tennent was a fervent revivalist, and one of the leaders of the New Light party in the Presbyterian Church. Their mission was successful. They were received with great kindness in the old country, and brought back with them plenty of money to pay for the new buildings, besides a sum

for the education of pious and indigent youth.

The college which was built with this money on the crown of the Princeton hill,



THE OLD CHAPEL.

facing the road which was the main highway from New York to Philadelphia, was a structure of which all good Presbyterians and all true Jerseymen were proud. It was built of native stone. Its dimensions were considered enormous: 176 feet long, 54 feet wide, three stories high; and the middle of the roof was surmounted by a haughty cupola. It was the largest edifice of its kind in North America. But it must be confessed that there was a certain bare simplicity about the architecture which reminds one of an almshouse or a jail. The Marquis of Chastellux, passing through Princeton a few years afterward, wrote in his diary, with a touch of contempt: "As the college is remarkable for nothing but its size, it is unnecessary to describe it. It is situated toward the middle of the town on a distinct spot of ground and the entrance to it is by a large square court surrounded by lofty palisades." Not a very inviting picture this; but far be it from us to despise the gray old pile which, under the name of Nassau Hall, has had such a noble and eventful history. There Jonathan Edwards, the third president, preached his last sermon; there many of the best men of our republic were trained for the discharge of high duties; there the British soldiers took up their quarters on their flight from Tren-

ton and were dislodged by hard knocks from Washington's artillery; there, after the desolation had been repaired and the students had returned to their home, the Continental Congress held its sessions, and Washington was present at a memorable commencement. Twice the building has been reduced to ruins by fire, but still the gray walls stand in their original form, Princeton's most venerable landmark. If we could recall all that has happened within and beneath them, the brilliant orations and lectures which have been there delivered; the rivalries of eloquence with which the Well-meaning and the Plain-dealing Societies filled the fourth story; the scenes of merriment in the refectory; the great rebellion, in which the students barricaded and held the building for a time against all comers; the explosion of the big cracker, which filled all the authorities with consternation and wrath and cracked the adjacent walls from top to bottom; the bonfires which have been kindled in the gloomy halls; the schemes of ambition and benevolence which have been conceived in those low-browed rooms; the mingled life of eager study and light-hearted fun,—if those old walls could only tell what they have seen and heard, we should have a history of the college more vera-



THE MARQUAND CHAPEL.

cious and more interesting than ever can be written.

It was probably at some time in the year

1756 that President Burr came down from Newark, with his two tutors and sixty or seventy students, and took possession of the new buildings. From that date the college of New Jersey became known, in popular usage, as Princeton College, although its legal name remained unchanged. President Burr did not live to see the first commencement in his new home. His successor was the famous Jonathan Edwards, of Massachusetts, the greatest philosopher of the New World. He was called from his quiet

when an unskilful inoculation for the small-pox cost him his life, and he was buried in the little cemetery at Princeton.

He was followed in the presidential chair by the Rev. Samuel Davies, "a man of very solid understanding, discreet in his behavior, and polished and gentlemanly in his manners, as well as fervent and zealous in religion." His term of office was only three years, being terminated by death. The trustees then elected the Rev. Samuel Finlay, who served with success for five years. He



*James W. Cosh*

parsonage and his mission to the Indians at Stockbridge, to assume the charge of the first college of the Middle States. He was reluctant to come, pleading as an excuse, "My own defects unfitting me for such an undertaking, many of which are generally known, besides others which my own heart is conscious of." At length, by repeated solicitation, his scruples were overcome, and he consented to accept the call. But hardly had he reached the scene of his new labors

when he was followed by the Rev. John Witherspoon, of Paisley, Scotland, who assumed the presidency in 1768, at the age of forty-six, and held it until his death in 1794. He was one of the strongest men in the country, and under his administration the college flourished and did good work. Although not a native of America, he adapted himself at once to the conditions of life which prevailed here, and soon became so thoroughly imbued with the republican spirit that John Adams passing



through Princeton in 1774 could write of him: "We went into the President's house and drank a glass of wine. He is as high a son of liberty as any man in America." He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and an influential member of the Continental Congress. He took an active part in all the popular movements of the day. It must have been a fine sight to see this "high son of liberty" in his wig, gown and bands, standing on the floor of Congress and throwing himself earnestly and ponderously into the great debates which decided the future of our country.

Under Witherspoon, Princeton was emphatically a patriotic place. When the students heard, in July, 1770, that the merchants of New York had broken their resolution to import no more British goods, they were filled with virtuous indignation, and assembling in black gowns on the campus, publicly burned the letter of the recreant New Yorkers. They resolved to wear only homespun cloth. One of them was so outspoken and radical in his patriotism that, although he stood at the head of his class, the prudent trustees would not allow him to deliver the salutatory oration at commencement, and expressed surprise that the Faculty had ap-

was practically in a state of suspension. But when the tide of conflict had passed by, the students began to return; the buildings were

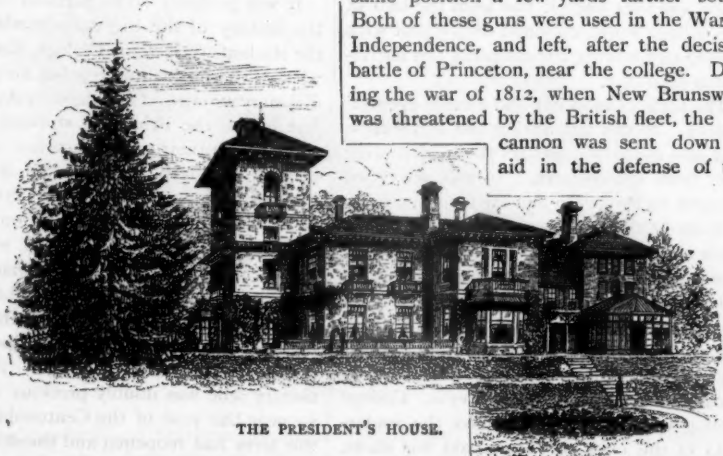


THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE IN 1748.

From an old print in possession of Professor Cameron.

repaired and cleansed; the college machinery was put in motion again; and in 1792 there was a graduating class of thirty-seven, the largest that went out from Princeton in the eighteenth century.

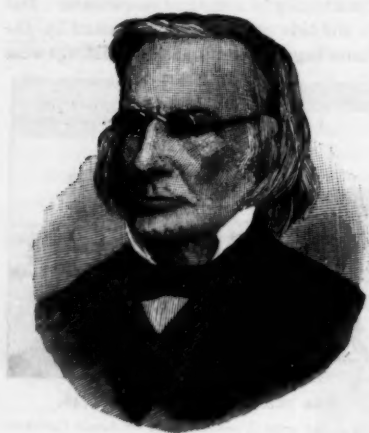
Princeton still possesses two very interesting relics of the Revolutionary times—the big cannon, which is planted mouth downward in the centre of the college quadrangle, and the little cannon, which stands in the same position a few yards farther south. Both of these guns were used in the War of Independence, and left, after the decisive battle of Princeton, near the college. During the war of 1812, when New Brunswick was threatened by the British fleet, the big cannon was sent down to aid in the defense of the



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

pointed him. When the Revolutionary War broke out many of the graduates and some of the students enlisted. The annual number of graduates fell from twenty-seven to five or six; and for five years the college

city. It was found to be unserviceable and condemned, but the Brunswickers thought it valuable enough to forget to return it. After several controversies in regard to its rightful ownership, the townsmen and



EX-PRESIDENT MACLEAN.



THE LATE PROFESSOR ATWATER.

students of Princeton determined to support their right by might. They got a large wagon from Gulick's mill near Kingston, and a four-horse team from Phineas Withington, armed themselves with the needful tools, drove down to Brunswick at the dead of night, captured the gun and brought it home in triumph. This was in 1838. Some time afterward it was planted in its present place, and ever since it has been the hub of the college world, crowned once a year with gilding and flowers, the centre of the festivities of class-day.

The little cannon has had a more eventful history. It was left during the Revolution at a mill near the canal, on the road leading east from Queenstown. It was afterward brought to Princeton and lay for some years in front of the college grounds. When the main road was repaired, somewhat later, the gun was set up as a post at the corner of Witherspoon street. This involved a claim of ownership on the part of the town which the students were inclined to resent. What had previously been uncared for, suddenly became of great value in their eyes. College feeling was excited; and under the leadership of the class of 1859 a raid was made, the gun captured and planted in the back campus at midnight on the 16th of October, 1858. Previous to this time the gun seems to have done duty for Fourth-of-July celebrations and salutes, regular and otherwise.

There is a tradition that the students once laboriously hoisted it into an entry of old North, with the purpose of discharging it in a most irregular manner. Professor Dod joined the crowd in disguise, and when the heavy task was completed and the gun in position, he said quietly, in his well-known voice, "Now, gentlemen, let us take it back again."

It was probably some partisan version of the history of the big cannon which fired the students of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, with the idea of reprisal for their traditional wrongs. One night, in April, 1875, just before the Princeton students had returned from their spring vacation, while the campus was dark and deserted, a party of Rutgers students drove down from New Brunswick, lifted the little cannon from its secluded repose, and made off with their prize. So quietly was it done, that nothing was known of it, until the daylight revealed the empty hole and the tracks of the retreating raiders. What was to be done? The college honor was imperilled. A revolutionary relic was doubly precious at a time so near the year of the Centennial. When the term had reopened and the students returned, college feeling ran very high. A "war of the cannon" began to be imminent. The report was brought back that the Brunswickers guarded the gun with superhuman care, never leaving it in the same place for

two consecutive nights, and always keeping a watch who slept with their heads pillowed on the cannon. Wild expedients for retaliation and recapture were talked of, and one foray was actually executed, with no better result, however, than the capture of a lot of muskets from Rutgers. Meanwhile the authorities of the two colleges were carrying on a more dignified but no less determined contest; and, after a final resort to arbitration, it was decided that the cannon must be returned to its original proprietors, and it was accordingly replanted in its place.

The position which the College of New Jersey, from its very beginning, has occupied in the history of the country has been one of great influence and importance. During the first decade of its life there

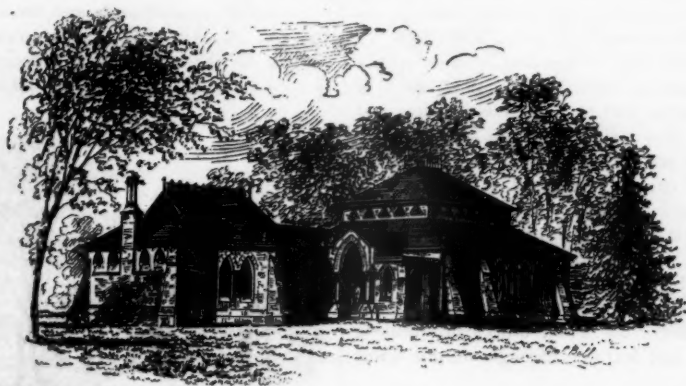
eight of the framers of the Constitution of New Jersey, eight of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, twenty-seven of the members of our first National Legislature, forty-eight Senators of the Republic,

one hundred and sixteen members of the House of Representatives, two Vice-Presidents and one President of the United States, thirteen members of the Cabinet, twenty-seven Governors, forty-two college presidents and one hundred and forty college professors have been graduates of Princeton. There was a period of fifty years, from 1773 to

1822, when every class furnished on an average two members of Congress; and during the same time ten members of the Cabinet and twenty-two governors of States were graduated. It is safe to say that no



THE COLLEGE OFFICES.



MURRAY HALL.

were one hundred and fourteen graduates. Of these more than forty were men of note, and some of them attained great prominence. Two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, four of the signers of the original "Articles of Confederation,"

institution in the country has exerted a more powerful influence or rendered more valuable service in the affairs of the nation than Princeton College.

But the great strength of the institution has ever been given generously to the sup-

port of the church by whose efforts it came into being, and by whose money it has been supported. At least one-fifth of the graduates have become clergymen, most of



THE SMALL OBSERVATORY.

them in the Presbyterian Church, but some in other denominations. Five of them have been bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is impossible to overestimate the work which Princeton has performed for the education and civilization of the country in sending out this regiment of more than a thousand ministers of the gospel. They have done more to spread the sweetness and light of a sound morality and a liberal culture than could have been accomplished by a hundred armies. They have been the friends of political and religious liberty and the upholders of law and order. And it would be well for those who are inclined to make light of Christianity and the church to remember that much of the present prosperity and intelligence of our country is due to institutions like Princeton College, founded in Christian faith, supported by Christian wealth, and embracing in their primary design of educating men for the ministry the wider object of diffusing religion and learning throughout the whole land.

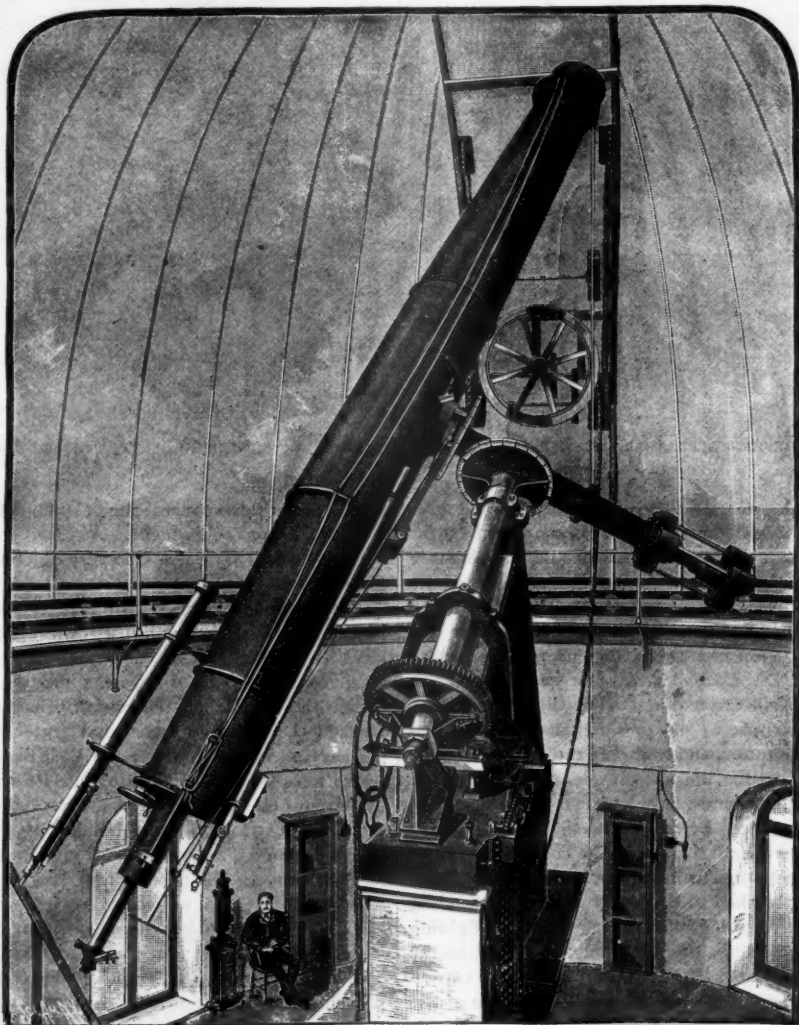
The most important feature of the Witherspoon period was the appointment of professors and the beginning of that process of enlarging the college curriculum which has gone on in an almost unbroken course until the present day. Dr. Witherspoon himself introduced the system of instruction by lectures. The first professorship established

was that of Divinity and Moral Philosophy, of which the Rev. John Blair was the incumbent. The next was that of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics, to which William C. Houston was elected. But the better part of the instruction, in quantity if not in quality, was still given by the tutors; and the range of studies, although excellent for the time, was not what we should consider wide. It was described by President Witherspoon in an address to the people of Jamaica and other West India islands, in the following terms: "The regular course of instruction is in four classes, exactly after the manner, and bearing the names, of the classes in the English universities — Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior. In the first year they read Latin and Greek with Roman and Grecian antiquities and rhetoric. In the second, continuing the study of languages, they learn a complete system of geography, with the use of the globes, the first principles of philosophy and the elements of mathematical knowledge. The third, though the languages are not wholly omitted, is chiefly employed in mathematics and natural philosophy. And the senior year is employed in reading the higher classes, proceeding in the mathematics and natural philosophy,



THE HALSTED OBSERVATORY.

and going through a course of moral philosophy. In addition to these the president gives lectures to the juniors and seniors, which consequently every student hears



THE GREAT TELESCOPE.

twice over in his course—first upon chronology and history, and afterward upon composition and criticism. He also taught the French language last winter, and it will continue to be taught to those who desire to learn it."

The student-life of the eighteenth century was marked by a certain flavor of aristocracy

and a punctilious etiquette, characteristic of the age in which a boy writing to his father addressed him as "Honored Sir," and narrated his experience in phrases modelled on the epistolary style of Sir Charles Grandison. The students of that day wore knee-breeches and silk stockings, and had their heads powdered. They carried on public disputes in





STEPHEN ALEXANDER, LL.D., EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY.

the syllogistic and forensic way, and pronounced orations on "Politeness, which for the justness of the sentiment, the elegance of the composition and the propriety of the delivery, gave great satisfaction to the dignified audience." The president of the college opened the commencement exercises in Latin, *capite tecto*; but every scholar in college was required to keep his hat off about ten rods to the president and five rods to the tutors, and to rise up and make obeisance when the president went in or out of the hall, or entered the pulpit on days of public worship. Even the aristocratic vices of the age found their echo in college life. The duello had its advocates among the students. A law had to be passed against the sending or receiving of challenges. Cock-fighting and bull-baiting were not unheard of on the campus. The youthful scholars carried themselves with quite the air of men of the world. But for all that, underneath the small-clothes and the powder, they were still boys; and it was necessary to prescribe rules forbidding them from jumping, hollaring or making boisterous noises in the buildings, and from "appearing knowingly in the presence of the superiority of the college without an upper garment and having shoes and stockings tight." Imagine James Madison slipping in late to prayers, with his stockings ungartered, one shoe loose, and his coat-



CHARLES A. YOUNG, PH.D., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY.

collar turned up to conceal the possible deficiency of an *under garment*. After all the student-life of 1783 was not so very different from that of 1883.

The commencement-day of that period, however, had a character of its own, which has been entirely lost in modern times. It occurred in the fall of the year, a season at which the people of the country, having finished their summer's work and gotten in the harvest, were at leisure for a little rustic recreation. They came flocking into Princeton from all the countryside for miles around. It was the great holiday of the neighborhood. The town was thronged with farmers bringing their wives and daughters to have a little fun, and entering into the hilarity of the occasion with a spirit which, if not exactly classic, was at least hearty. The Latin disputations, the ponderous compliments and salutations which went on in the church were not so much to their taste as the cakes and beer, the fiddling and dancing, the games and horse-races of the main street. Greatly did the rustics rejoice and make merry, and the sound of their jubilation floating through the open windows, disturbed the college magnates in their solemn conclave. Vainly did the authorities prohibit the erection of booths and the selling of refreshments. The fun was irrepressible, and it was not until the date of the commence-

ment was changed from September to June, or, in other words, from the beginning to the end of the college year, that it ceased to be the popular festival of Jersey.

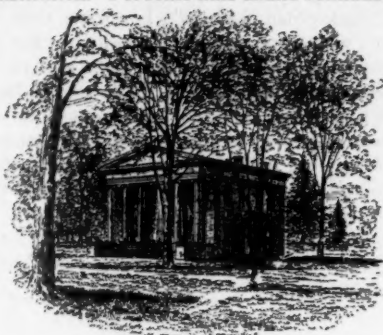
The first fifty years of the present century are covered in the history of Princeton by the presidencies of Samuel Stanhope Smith, Ashbel Green, and James Carnahan. During the terms of Drs. Smith and Green the college did not make any very rapid advance. There was a scarcity of funds, a decrease in the number of students, a general stagnation in academic affairs. In addition to this a spirit of turbulence and disorder was at work among the undergraduates. They endeavored to enliven the prevailing dullness by exploding gunpowder in the halls, organizing rebellions, barring-out and screwing-in the tutors, and setting fire to the buildings. In vain the president expostulated, remonstrated, threatened, propitiated. In vain the trustees interfered and called in the civil authorities to help them. A false system of espionage and boarding-school discipline only aggravated the disorder. The evil spirits would not be laid. The pulpit eloquence of Dr. Smith, the clerical dignity of Dr. Green, were of no avail. The proportion of candidates for the ministry was smaller than at any other period in the history of Princeton.



BULLETIN ELM.

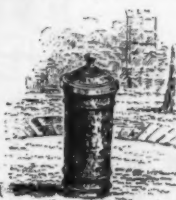
Her friends were discouraged; the college was in a bad way. In 1823 the Rev. James

Carnahan was called to be the head of the institution. For some time affairs continued



CLIO HALL.

in a depressed condition. The disorderly customs, once established, were not easily broken up. But within a few years, under the leadership of Dr. Carnahan and Professor John Maclean, the vice-president, a new departure was made. A wiser system of discipline, more liberal, more manly, was adopted. The course of study was much enlarged. New and able professors, men like John Torrey, Albert Dod, Addison



CLASS-DAY CANNON.

Alexander, Joseph Henry, Stephen Alexander, Henry Vethake, were called to build up the institution. And they succeeded. The number of students increased with great rapidity. In 1830 the graduating class was twenty, in 1836 it was sixty-six, in 1850 it was eighty. New buildings were erected, dormitories, a chapel, halls for the literary societies. The pecuniary affairs of the college were relieved from embarrassment. In every direction there was real and permanent advance. Thus the foundation of the subsequent usefulness and prosperity of Princeton was laid in the long and successful administration of Dr. Carnahan. The first actual line of electric telegraph, using the earth as a conductor, was operated in the college campus by Professor Henry, in 1836.

It was during this administration that a society was founded which, from its beginning, has had a large and blessed influence on the religious life of the college. In 1825, four young men, feeling the need of an organization among the students for the pro-

motion of practical Christianity and the encouragement of missions, formed "The Philadelphian Society." For some time it met with a good deal of opposition. But it gradually increased in numbers, and soon became an important factor in college life. A library was collected. Religious work of various kinds was undertaken. And many of the best influences in the history of the college and of the church can be traced directly to this society.

In 1873 the ill-fated steamer *Ville du Havre* sailed from the port of New York

erection of a building for the use of the Philadelphian Society. This gift has been embodied in Murray Hall, a modest, low-roofed, beautiful and commodious structure, an appropriate and enduring monument of one who perished untimely but not unfruitful. The present membership of the society is two hundred and nine, and the number of volumes in the library over eight hundred.

Dr. Carnahan's successor in the presidency was Dr. John Maclean, who had so long been his earnest and loyal coadjutor in the faculty. The son of a professor in the college, draw-



WITHERSPOON HALL.

with more than three hundred souls on board. On the seventh day of her voyage she came into collision with another vessel and sank in mid-ocean so swiftly that less than one-third of her passengers were rescued. Among the lost was Hamilton Murray, of the class of 1872 in Princeton, a man who, during his brief life, won and

"Wore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman,—"

a sweet and gracious spirit, whose conduct brought honor upon the profession of Christianity. When his will was opened, it was found that it contained a bequest of twenty thousand dollars to his Alma Mater for the

ing in with his earliest breath the classic air, and nourished on academic traditions, Dr. Maclean was heart and soul a Princeton man. He lived in and for the institution. His pride was in her glory, his happiness in her welfare. His well-directed efforts maintained and increased the prosperity of the college. Students were attracted from all parts of the country, many from the Southern States. The curriculum was again enlarged. Professorships and fellowships were endowed. The college property was increased by more than four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The interest of men of large wealth was drawn to Princeton and attached there.

And the way was prepared for that great influx of gifts which the college has lately received.

The outbreak of the civil war was a serious check to the growth of Princeton. The large body of Southern men who were in the college at once left for their homes. Many of the Northerners threw aside their books to take up the sword, and thus it came to pass that men who had sat in the same classroom, and been companions in many a college prank, met as opponents in the conflicts of the battle-field. The number of undergraduates was reduced nearly one-third. But when the war was over, the class-rooms began to fill up again, and the college grew steadily until Dr. Maclean's retirement in 1868. He still lives in Princeton, honored and beloved, and has devoted his leisure to the preparation of an admirable History of the College.

Among the professors who became connected with the college under Dr. Maclean there are three of whom I must make brief mention—Lyman H. Atwater, Arnold Guyot, and Stephen Alexander.

Dr. Atwater, whose death last winter was the greatest loss which the college has suffered for many a year, was an encyclopædic man. He taught logic, ethics, metaphysics, civil government, international law and political economy. He did the work of three men, and he did it well. He was conservative in principle, liberal in practice. With a kind heart, a sound head and a clear judgment, he was a pillar of strength in the faculty. The students used to laugh, as students will, at some of his ponderous ways, and call him by a nickname which had possibly more of affection than of reverence in it; but as soon as they got sense enough to know a good man when they saw him, they recognized that Dr. Atwater was one of the best and one of the wisest they had ever

seen, and his memory is fresh and honored in many a heart to-day.

Arnold Guyot was born at Neuchâtel, Switzerland, in 1807. After a long and thorough education, in the course of which he studied not only physical science but also theology, and distinguished himself both as a student and a teacher, he came to this country at the age of forty-one and settled at Cambridge, Mass., near his old friend Agassiz. His reputation increased steadily, and in 1854 he was called to the chair of Geology and Physical Geography at Princeton. Here he has done work which has made him famous. His books have had the widest circulation and are standard scientific

authorities. He is one of the originators of our national system of meteorological observations, and therefore may be said to be ancestor of "Old Probabilities." Professor Guyot is a slight, spare, wiry man, a genuine Swiss in his love for mountains and his ability to climb them. In the summer of 1878 I met him by chance on the lonely summit of High Peak, in the Catskills. He had done a morning's work which would have used up many a younger man. And yet there he sat, in



CYRUS F. BRACKETT, M.D., HENRY PROFESSOR  
OF PHYSICS.

a spotless coat and an immaculate collar, eating his lunch of a biscuit and a piece of chocolate, and making notes of scientific observations as placidly as though he had been in his study.

Stephen Alexander has been connected with Princeton for nearly fifty years. He came to the college in 1834 with his great friend, Professor Henry, and was closely associated with him in his electrical and astronomical investigations. He is a star-gazer; and while his eyes have sunken from so long looking upward, his mind has been kindled by the heavenly fires, and he has discoursed of the celestial mysteries in a lofty eloquence well remembered by generations of

students. He has made valuable contributions to scientific knowledge by the publication of papers which have attracted attention and admiration in Europe as well as in this country. And although honorably retired, as professor emeritus, from the labor of teaching, he is still active and productive in his favorite pursuit. His successor in the chair of astronomy is the distinguished Professor Charles A. Young, whose labors in the field of solar spectroscopy have been so fruitful, and who, by his popular lectures and original researches, is yearly adding new laurels to those which Princeton has already won in the field of astronomy.

The astronomical equipment of Princeton is now said to be in advance of that of any other college in the country. The only point in which Harvard excels it is in the possession of a special fund for the support of a corps of observers and investigators. The beginning of this equipment was the purchase of the celebrated orrery from David Rittenhouse, of Philadelphia, about the year 1770. This was regarded at the time as one of the most remarkable mechanical contrivances in the world. It was intended to exhibit the movements of the moon, the earth, and the other principal planets, including Saturn, which was then the outermost known. When it was made, two colleges contended for the honor of buying it, and the success of Princeton over the University of Pennsylvania was regarded as a great triumph. For years its possession was the pride of the college, an attraction to students, a claim upon the honor and gratitude of the State of New Jersey; and considerable sums of money were expended in repairing it after the rough treatment which it received at the hands of the British soldiers and in the fire of 1802. The next great acquisition was the Halsted observatory, erected by Gen. N. Norris Halsted in 1866-7. It is an uncommonly perfect building for purposes of scientific investigation, containing a massive pier of sandstone, which rests upon the primitive rock, a column of granite weighing thirty-two tons, for the support of the telescope, and a dome thirty-nine feet in diameter, weighing seventy tons, but so admirably adjusted that it can be easily moved by a single hand. The observatory, when

erected, had to wait a long time for its eye, but at length it came, and last year the great equatorial telescope, made by Clark, was set in the place which had been so carefully prepared for it. It has an object glass of twenty-three inches in diameter, and a focal length of thirty feet. There are but three larger instruments in the world,—one at Washington and two in Europe. The cost of the telescope, with its immense star spectroscope and other accessories, was about twenty-six thousand dollars. In addition to this the college possesses a very complete working observatory at the rear of Professor Young's house, a valuable set of transit instruments and timepieces, and other apparatus, which make the total value of the astronomical equipment over one hundred and eight thousand dollars.

On the retirement of President Maclean in 1868, the Board of Trustees felt the great responsibility which devolved upon them in the choice of a fit man to be his successor. A single word may be allowed me here in regard to the constitution and character of this board to which such important functions are committed in the control of the college. It is composed of twenty-seven members, with the Governor of New Jersey as president *ex officio*, or, in his absence, the president of the college. The charter wisely made it a self-perpetuating body, and it has always preserved the spirit and purposes of the founders. Standing on the old foundations, and maintaining the old traditions in their substantial integrity, it has been, in the best sense of the word, a progressive body, embracing men of the highest culture and the widest practical experience in the conduct of financial affairs. With very rare exceptions, and these not of recent date, its management of the college funds and its general supervision of the college government, have been marked by prudence and skill, and to its wise selection of members of the faculty and cordial co-operation with them, the success of the college is largely due. The wisdom of the trustees has never been better proved than it was in 1868, when they called the Rev. Dr. James McCosh, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, to the vacant presidential chair. By birth and



training he was a Scotchman, and he has proved himself a worthy successor of President Witherspoon. Bringing with him a



"JIM," THE APPLE-MAN.

well-earned reputation as a philosophical lecturer and writer, a wide experience of scholastic affairs, and that *perferendum ingenium* which is the characteristic of his countrymen, he entered upon the duties of his office with ability and energy and has been enabled to accomplish a noble work for the college. The gifts of money which had been begun by men like James Lenox, Silas Holmes, John I. Blair, N. Norris Halsted and the Stuarts, were continued and greatly enlarged. John C. Green, of whom it has been known for some time that he intended to devote a large portion of his princely estate to the advancement of Princeton, and who has, in fact, been its greatest benefactor, wisely began the execution of his designs during his own lifetime. New buildings sprang up on every side. New departments were added to the course of instruction. New students gathered in rapidly increasing numbers. To give an idea of the growth of the college I have made a comparison between the annual catalogue for 1868 and that for 1883. In 1868 there were two hundred and sixty-four undergraduates, ten professors, six tutors and assistants. In 1883 there are four hundred and ninety-nine undergraduates, sixty-seven fellows and graduate students, twenty-two professors, four assistant professors, ten instructors, tutors and lecturers. In 1868 the

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college buildings were nine in number, in 1883 they are seventeen. By the introduction of the elective system of studies in the senior and junior years the way has been opened for a great increase in the number of branches in which instruction is given, and many new fields have been entered by post-graduate and special courses. I find, on looking over the catalogue, that it would be quite impossible for me to convey any notion of the richness and variety of the curriculum in such a brief synopsis as the limits of this article will permit. But I may indicate something of the nature of the advance which has been made by stating that there are now six instructors in ancient languages, four in chemistry, three in English, four in physics, three in modern languages, and seven in natural history. The departments in which a corresponding advance is still needed are those of moral and social science. The resignation of the (unendowed) chair of History by Professor Shields, and the death of

Professor Atwater, who filled such a large place in the philosophical course, have made it clear that additional endowments and new instructors must be secured. A movement has been begun for the establishment of a school of philosophy which will include three

new professorships, and in connection with the admirable work now done by the President and Professor Shields in this line,



THE COLLEGE PET.



"DE WASHIN", SAH."

will make the philosophical instruction of the college broad and complete. One hun-

dred and fifty thousand dollars have already been promised and the Alumni are exerting themselves to get sixty thousand more. Professor Ormond, of Minnesota, and Professor Sloane, of Princeton, are mentioned in connection with two of the new chairs.

The School of Art, recently endowed by a gift of sixty-five thousand dollars from the estate of the late Frederick Marquand, will go into operation next September, and will probably have as its first professors, Dr. W. C. Prime, whose valuable collections of pottery and engravings are promised to the college, and Dr. Allan Marquand, who is now in Europe, studying architecture.

Through the courtesy of the treasurer, the Rev. William Harris, I have obtained a full statement of the present financial resources of Princeton:

1. Real estate, including 50 acres of land and the buildings.....	\$750,000
2. Endowments—General.....	\$650,000
Special.....	320,000
	1,170,000
Total property.....	1,920,000
3. Income—From endowments, about.....	\$70,000
Tuition fees, academic.....	19,000
Tuition fees, School of Science....	6,300
Special fees.....	13,200
Room rents.....	17,500
Total annual income.....	126,000

One of the most attractive of the new buildings with which the campus of Princeton has lately been adorned is the Marquand Chapel, the gift of Henry G. Marquand, of New York city. When the old chapel was erected in 1846 at an expense of six thousand five hundred dollars, there was great objection to it on the part of some of the trustees. They found fault with the building because it was cruciform, alleging that this was not a proper shape for a Presbyterian chapel, and predicting that this building would remain an unanswerable argument against Presbyterian objections to Popish symbolism. But fortunately the good taste and firm will of Dr. Carnahan and others overcame these narrow prejudices. Even at that day there were men broad-minded enough to see that in the words of Dr. Maclean, "Protestants should not be ready to surrender everything beautiful and convenient in church building to Romanists and Ritualists because of their assumed claim to

the exclusive use of the cross as a symbol of their faith." But, a few years since, the accommodations furnished by this good old chapel were found to be insufficient for the increased number of students. Besides, the building had to be used, in the dearth of appropriate rooms, for rhetorical exercises and other secular purposes. It was justly considered that this had a bad effect in lessening the students' reverence for the house of God. And when Mr. Marquand offered to build a new chapel, to be used exclusively for religious services, the offer was gratefully accepted, and no iconoclastic prejudices were interposed to bar the exercise of his taste and liberality. The chapel was finished last year—beautiful as a place of worship should always be, enriched with carvings of wood and stone and windows of stained glass, and crowned with the holy cross, the universal symbol of our Christian faith. I cannot think that I am wrong in tracing to this change at least some part of the great and admirable improvement in the decorum of the religious services of the college. You cannot expect men, especially young men, to cherish reverence for a religious building which they see neglected and uncared for, while all the dormitories and lecture-halls are rebuilt and beautified. And the adornment of the church not only expresses, but increases, the love of the worshippers for God's house.

The brief space which I have at my command will not allow me to give any account of athletic sports at Princeton. They have flourished with great vigor, especially since the establishment of the gymnasium under the charge of George Goldie. In boating the college has not achieved brilliant success, but in base-ball and foot-ball the championship has often been held by the wearers of orange-and-black.

Any account of the history and life of Princeton which should omit to mention the colored element would be lamentably incomplete. There is a considerable section of the town which rejoices in the name of Africa, and is inhabited almost exclusively by citizens of African descent. They are the posterity of the family servants of the old times before slavery was abolished in the Middle States, and many of them

bear some of the very best Jersey names. If you walk along Witherspoon street on a warm afternoon you will see scores of the dusky children of the sun basking on the doorsteps and against the fences, and the abundance of linen flapping from clothes-lines on every side reveals the fact that the laundry business is in a flourishing condition. One of the most remarkable and ad-

domadal lottery hardly ever brought me back a worse pair of stockings than my own? Well could I endure to see that smile-enwreathed face of her sportive nephew thrust in at my chamber-door at an unearthly hour on Monday morning. Well could I bear to hear his voice in which fear mingled with entreaty as he suggestively remarked, "De washin', sah!" But alas!



AFTER DIVISION HOURS.

mirable features of Princeton is the cheapness of washing—an advantage which the unsophisticated student does not fully appreciate until he has gone out into the cold, cruel world and fallen into the hands of a city laundress. Ah! where amid the selfish and heartless throngs of humanity shall I find another like old Aunt Van Horn, who cleansed, renovated and repaired my linen for the astounding sum of fifty cents a week, and through all the changes and permutations of the heb-

I know that I ne'er shall look upon the like of my college washerwoman again.

Another well-remembered colored inhabitant of Princeton is James Johnson, Esq., a citizen of renown if not of credit. He was engaged in mercantile pursuits, and carried on with varying success an extended trade in a variety of articles. He was not so much inclined to trust his customers as he was to make them trust him. He had a wondrous faculty of combining the garments, with

which different students for reasons of their own had been induced to part, into costumes of striking originality; and through his agency many a man has had the pleasure of beholding his favorite pantaloons of the year before, united to the coat of his dearest foe, and perambulating the streets in very dubious company. He had a slight peculiarity of hesitation in his speech, which gave his wit a flavor of its own, and the delivery of one of his jokes was like the unexpected explosion of a fire-cracker which has been long fizzing. From the illustration which our artist has prepared I infer that James has abandoned the clothes trade for the more poetic traffic in fruit, in which all of his old friends will wish him a princely success.

The glory of old Nassau is her trees. Two of these at least, the gigantic sycamores which stand in front of the old president's house, were planted by Dr. Finley in 1765. Almost all of the others which now fill the campus around North College with their grateful shade, were set out under the presidency of Dr. Carnahan. The greatest of them all is the bulletin tree, which stands between East College and the Old Chapel. It is an elm, broad of branch and massive of bole, almost adding to the grace of the American species, the rugged strength and solidity of the English. Its trunk is the place chosen by the students to

"Make all their wants and wishes known."

And here in the days of blooming spring or waning autumn the curious passer-by may read a hundred notices of furniture for sale, note-books lost, base-ball matches to be played, eating-clubs to be formed, and various

articles wanted, from a room-mate to a tennis-racket.

But the fairest time of all to see the trees of Princeton is a moonlight evening in the leafy month of June. Then the long village street is filled with clearest radiance and softest shadows. The slow-waving branches of the elms, the sighing pines along the Triangle, the motionless, gnarled trunks which stand in front of Morven, the spectral sycamores and the fragrant lindens,—all are full of beauty and of mystery. The sleeping town lies as if enchanted beneath its cloud of foliage, while the distant notes of song rise and fall and die away through the interwoven light and darkness.

Who can tell the charm of those college days and nights? There is something rare and strange about them which cannot be put into words. Their freedom from care, their generous rivalries, their warm friendships, their joyous sports, their bright and airy hopes, their pure ambitions and sweet romances,—these all blend into a spell of delight which makes them pass like a dream. And when they are gone we awake and sigh to think that it is all over. We come back again; but it is never just the same. We miss the old faces. The old games please us no more. The old places seem familiar and yet strange to us. We cannot recall the light and careless heart of boyhood. But a memory remains, tender, precious, ineffaceable, which will draw us again and again to the place of its birth, and make us live over in thought and feeling the happy years of our life in Old Princeton.

HENRY J. VAN DYKE, JR.



## BEATRIX RANDOLPH.\*

### CHAPTER I.

#### HOW LOVELY AND UNFORTUNATE SHE WAS.

WHAT is more worthy the contemplation of a humane mind than the spectacle of a pretty young woman? It is the least selfish of all pleasures. By learning, we seek to elevate ourselves above our fellows; by philosophy, to console ourselves for the past and to fortify ourselves for the future; by religion (as it is commonly practised), to make ourselves respectable in this world and comfortable in the world to come: but he who stands rapt in the fascination of a girl's beauty, enjoys the possession by another of what he can never have himself, admits his inferiority, and generously exults in the existence of goodness for its own sake. The sole drawback is the risk he runs of falling in love—that is, of wishing to restrict to himself a blessing designed to rejoice mankind at large.

It might seem a pity that such a girl as Beatrix Randolph should be so situated as not to have it in her power to confer upon everyone the unselfish gratification whereof we speak. But to be rare and difficult of access are among the conditions of mortal loveliness. In no other way, perhaps, could the heavenly aroma be preserved; and were we to become callous to beauty, as we do to pain, life would have nothing left to promise us. On the other hand, dullness is negative, delight positive; and a single day of glorious sunshine compensates for a whole blank week of lifeless landscape and leaden sky.

But Beatrix, though delightful to look upon, was not beauty in the abstract; she was, first of all, a distinct and concrete human person. It is fitting, therefore, to consider not so much the loss the world sustained by her seclusion, as its effect upon herself. Certainly, she was not of a temperament naturally inclined to solitude. She was quick to feel emotions of all kinds, and apt and simple in the expression of them. Her

proportions, both of the soul and the body, were symmetrical and active; as she moved easily and sweetly, so was she sweetly and easily moved. Her life, in spite of its circumscribed conditions, showed an instinctive love of largeness and variety, and herein she was helped by a generous and lively imagination. She could not read a story or watch the sun rise without engendering in her mind a thousand fresh ideas of the possibilities of existence; and her body was in such fine harmony with her spirit that you could see a stirring thought turn to roses in her cheeks, or conjure diamonds to her lovely eyes. When she came forth in the morning from her maiden chamber, having put on, let us say, a fresh white gown, just crisp enough to whisper as she stepped, and a pink or a blue ribbon (as fancy might dictate) at her throat and on her hair; and her figure elastic and alert with the wholesome vigor of nineteen years, and a mouth that laughed fragrance and music, and large brown eyes, which, besides being as beautiful as possible in themselves, were rendered yet more so by being a few shades darker than her rippled hair; and . . . and hands that were white wonders of warm flexibility and tapering softness—when this exquisite young American girl, in short—type of the most charming and most intelligent womanhood in the world—came dawning like Aurora out of the room in which she had been dreaming visions only less lovely than herself—it did seem as if the Golden Age were now about to begin, and as if nothing false or impure were henceforward possible. She explained, without uttering a word, why the grass in spring is so deliciously green, the sky of so tender a blue; why birds sing, and water is transparent; why violets have perfume, and the sun warmth. She was the spoken secret of the universe—the interpretation of its fairest elements. By

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what mishap, then, was such a creature confined (as she was) to a few square miles of village land in the centre of the State of New York? Was such a pearl created only to be cast before cattle, and the village grocer's son, and the hollow-chested young Unitarian minister, and the innkeeper's daughters? The world could not afford it; and yet, there she was, and, just at the time this story begins, there seemed to be rather less probability than usual of her ever getting anywhere else.

She lived with her father in a roomy, broad-beamed, brown old house, environed by elm trees taller, but less antique, than itself. It was an American eighteenth century house; some hero of the Revolution had passed a night in it. It was endowed with that open-handed, patriarchal aspect which modern-built houses never have, owing to some deficiency in the architect's soul or the owner's pocket. The hall was unnecessarily, chivalrously broad, and the banister of the wide, low staircase was polished and massive, and coiled itself round at the bottom like a mahogany serpent. Beatrix and her brother Edward had slid down it, sideways, astride, or at full length, innumerable times. Edward had also cut his initials conspicuously upon the boss in the centre of the coil, for which exploit he had been separated for three days from his bay mare. But the punishment was over years ago, while the initials were there still; and Beatrix (now that Ed was gone away), had got the habit of letting her finger-tips pass over them, with a sort of good-morning caress, when she came down stairs early to see about the breakfast. The staircase, before reaching the first floor, indulged in a preliminary landing, for no other reason, apparently, than to lounge forth through a broad glass door upon the top of the front porch, thus forming a pleasant little balcony. Overhead arched a trellis-work, which Ed, who was a handy youth, had put up, some time subsequent to the period of the initials, and which was now overgrown with two climbing roses, that he and Beatrix had planted. These roses, white and red, began to bloom with the first warm days of the year, and kept on till late in the season; and every day, while they lasted, Beatrix would pluck

one from each vine, as she went down stairs in the morning, and wear them in her bosom. Hers was the red rose, her brother's was the white; and their father, in those early days, used to declare with a smile that the red rose symbolized his little daughter's warm and generous heart, and the white rose, the stainless honor which should always characterize a son of the Randolphs. During the last year or so, however, the old gentleman had made no more fanciful allusions to the white rose, and once, when he saw it on his daughter's breast, he had frowned, and said that it was not becoming. Thereafter, Beatrix forebore to wear it openly, but kept it next her heart, unseen. For this young woman, up to the present time, had loved no man of anywhere near her own age, except her brother; strange to say, she had remained unmoved by the blandishments not only of the hollow-chested minister, but of the grocer's son likewise—although the former preached to her, for her, or at her, every Sunday; and the latter uplifted his voice in music along with hers in the choir. The only other gentleman besides her music-master, with whom she had made acquaintance, since reaching years of indiscretion, was a friend of her father's, Hamilton Jocelyn. But Hamilton Jocelyn could not have been very far from fifty years of age; he was forty-five at any rate; and though very entertaining, and always ready to tell stories of his travels and adventures at home and abroad (when he was attached to the embassy), and though he was particularly kind and genial to Mademoiselle Beatrice, as he called her—still it does not spontaneously occur to young ladies of healthy instincts to connect sentiment with persons of their father's age, or thereabouts.

The house stood, as has been said, amid elm trees, on the side of a low, gradual hill, which protected it on the north and north-east. Its site was a natural shelf, or level space, about a dozen acres in extent, a third of the way up the hill. A flower-garden was laid out on the south-west, and the rest of the area was in turf and grass. The hillside at the back was terraced, and on the terraces were planted apple and cherry trees. A stone-wall, somewhat out of repair, faced in the valley-ward limits of the estate, and

a drive, branching off from the main road, passed through a gateway and wound up toward the house. The view from the front windows took in a grand curve and sweep of valley, with the long white village straggling off a mile or more in the foreground, and in the distance, the gleam of the river. The nearest railway station was four miles away. Altogether the region was sufficiently remote, though New York city was hardly more than three hours distant by rail. The mail arrived twice a day; and Mr. Alexander Randolph (the owner of the house and estate) received yesterday's *World* every forenoon, and read it during the hour preceding dinner, which always took place at two o'clock. It was an eminently conservative household; at all events, its master was a conservative, and a democrat, as his fathers had been before him.

These forefathers were of Virginian descent, and, two generations ago, had owned large plantations there. But the young Randolph of that epoch had fallen in love with a Northern lady, and ended by marrying her and settling down on this estate, which was his bride's dowry. Afterward, when his father died, he relinquished the Virginia plantation to a younger brother, turning his own share of the inheritance into money, which he placed in various prudent and profitable investments. He became quite wealthy, and was one of the prominent men of the State; but both he and his descendants were always proud to call Virginia their home, and to talk about revisiting it. Meanwhile, however, the Virginian branch of the family had gradually decayed, and the last male bearer of the name was killed in the civil war, and the plantations, of course, were destroyed.

It was at about this juncture that Alexander Randolph's troubles began. As a thorough-going democrat he was inclined to sympathize with Secession, and the fact of his Southern kinsmen being of that party did not diminish his rebellious bent. But he was an almost morbidly conscientious man and prone to casuistry, and he was torn with doubts as to whether or not he ought to show the courage of his opinions, and openly join the rebel cause. He was careful to carry on the argument on no lower a

level than that of abstract political justice; but as a matter of fact, he had been married not long before the war broke out, and men of no less eminent morality than the Randolphs have before now been influenced in their career by domestic circumstances. Be that as it may, the political reasons in favor of remaining in the North steadily gained weight, until the moment when he was thrown from his horse and broke his thigh; from that period, he was all for joining General Lee, but, unfortunately, was physically incapacitated from doing so by his accident. Such is the perversity of fate in this world! But he consoled himself for his disappointment by talking treason more or less overtly, according to circumstances; and even, it was said, by affording the Southern cause pecuniary aid. He certainly believed in the ultimate success of the secession principle, and when it finally collapsed, he found himself embarrassed in more senses than one. He had lost money, repute and goodwill toward men; possibly, also, some trifle of self-esteem, though he never confessed as much. With intent to compel a better fortune, he soon after ran for an office, but was defeated, as a foregone conclusion, by a crushing majority. To crown all, he lost his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached; she died of typhoid fever in 1868. He was left with two children, a boy of ten and a girl of six. He renounced the world, theoretically, if not quite practically; in truth, he had few friends, and was able to see them but seldom. He spent most of his time at home, running down to New York twice a year, for perhaps a week. He was a great reader of Shakespeare, of Bunyan, of Defoe, of Victor Hugo, and of Washington Irving. Owing to his broken leg, which had healed badly, he was obliged to give up riding; but he limped dignifiedly about his estate, with a cane in one hand and the other upon Ed's or Beatrix's shoulder, issuing peremptory orders to the gardener or the groom, which were sometimes heeded and sometimes not; for Mr. Randolph, though of a haughty and headstrong character, was not what is called thorough, and seldom followed up a matter far enough to know whether it were done in accordance with his desire or not. He liked to be masterful; but he was too indolent, or

too inconstant, to be a master. He demanded immaculate faithfulness from his servants and unquestioning obedience from his children, but never took the pains to insure either the one or the other. Such men, being able intellectually to conceive admirable conduct, give themselves credit (without further ado) for practising it; and since, nevertheless, the results which should follow admirable conduct do not occur, they count themselves among the martyrs of virtue. They commonly receive a good deal of petting and humoring, but they seldom or never leave any lasting impression on the world.

Alexander Randolph was tall and of slender build, with high shoulders, a gray mustache and imperial, and thick wavy hair, growing rather long. His eyebrows were bushy and overhanging, and gave to his eyes a fiercer expression than might otherwise have belonged to them; he had a habit of twisting them between his thumb and finger, when in thought, which looked ominous to strangers, but really amounted to nothing. His fingers were very long, and so were his arguments and discussions; almost the only short thing about him, in fact, being his temper. His general aspect was that of a retired Southern brigadier, whose slaves had been unrighteously made contraband. His expression was, ordinarily, profoundly serious, and he smiled rarely; but it was not difficult to make him break into a shrill, giggling laugh, which absurdly marred the severe contour of his visage, and betrayed the underlying weakness.

He was fond of phrases, and had a fancy for calling himself "the most indulgent of fathers," the basis for which was, that he was prone to feel affection for persons who appertained to him, and to whom he was accustomed; and that he had an easy and graceful way of acceding to proposals which did not interfere with plans of his own, or make demands either upon his leisure or upon what he was pleased to term his "time." In so far, he did no doubt indulge his children, even more than was good for them; but whenever they transgressed the moral law of their father's good-humor or indolence—and this was not seldom the case with Ed, who was as restless and independent as a

hawk—he fell upon them with sweeping broadsides of rebuke, culminating, if they answered him back, in violent assertions of their total depravity. Hence a perception on the children's part that papa was not unalterably just—which begat an affectionate compassion for him in Beatrix, but in Ed, a sentiment not far removed from contemptuous indifference. The children were, however, cordially devoted to each other. Beatrix was ambitious to imitate and support her brother in all his feats and escapades; she ran races with him, vaulted gates, climbed trees, fired off his shot-gun at woodchucks and squirrels—though to hit them gave her acute distress—and in every way she could played an ardent second fiddle to him. Hereby she acquired (if she acquired nothing else) a vigor of health and strength, and a variety of hearty out-door experience that does not fall to the lot of all American girls. As the children grew into their teens, horseback riding became their favorite diversion, and they made a fine picture cantering together side by side through the green shade and sunlight of the woodland ways. Ed, from being a bony and angular lad, became in due time a sufficiently graceful and athletic youth, with handsome blue eyes and bold and spirited features. In disposition he was warm-hearted, adventurous, and selfish; audaciously outspoken when his temper was up, but capable of a no less audacious dissimulation when that suited his purpose. No one could speak the truth with a more reckless disregard of consequences, or tell a lie with more inscrutable composure than he. He had much more intelligence, energy, and grasp than his father; but his curiosity and his apprehension were both so lively that he appeared very fickle. There was robust masculine fibre in him, and some deficiency of moral sensitiveness. He showed small reverence for anybody or thing except Beatrix; in her eyes he was always anxious to maintain the gallant and noble character which she ascribed to him; and though he made her the confidant of a thousand private matters which he would never have dreamed of mentioning to his father, yet, as he grew older, he carefully concealed from her some things which he knew would lower him in her esteem. It might be said that he feared

nothing except the forfeiture of her love for him.

Ed was sent to school, but the study of books had no part in his scheme of existence. He had an inventive brain, a quick insight into the elements of things, and much manual dexterity; and he possessed, moreover, an aptitude for mathematics, especially in their practical applications. But anything abstract or ornamental in the way of learning he despised and abjured. On the other hand, he was a born leader of boys in all those pursuits that are aside from, or hostile to, the regular school curriculum; and the pedagogue soon found that this scholar was likely, if allowed his way, to overthrow the entire educational system of the village. The worthy man strove, to the extent of his faculty and permission, to subdue the sturdy outlaw; he was at length compelled to invoke the parental authority. This led to some stormy scenes between father and son, but to no good result; and the end of it was that Ed, at the age of sixteen, was taken from school and let loose upon the neighborhood, where he worked out his own evolution pretty much as he pleased. The following year Hamilton Jocelyn, being on a visit of a few days to the Randolphs, was tickled by Ed's bearing and the story of his exploits, and offered to take him back with him to New York city for a month or so, to give him instruction in the laws and amenities of polite society. Mr. Randolph easily persuaded himself that this was a providential last chance to tame the ferocity of his offspring; but though, characteristically, he grounded his decision on the question of the benefit to Ed, the real weight in the scale was the temporary freedom from annoyance which would accrue to Mr. Randolph himself. As for Ed, the prospect excited and pleased him; and though he did love his sister, he was not nearly so much disturbed at this their first parting as she was. He would not even have wished to have her go with him, had such a thing been possible. This fact may indicate that he had formed a shrewder estimate of Hamilton Jocelyn's character than his father had done, though the latter and Jocelyn had been acquainted for more than twenty years, and that he looked forward to being initiated into other

things besides the ways of polite society in New York. He went off, accordingly, and the month had prolonged itself to six before he came back. His father thought that he had been improved by his sojourn there; Beatrix sometimes fancied the contrary; but she could have assigned no definite reason for her opinion. He seemed a little less unreservedly than before her brother—that was all. That, however, may have been only the natural result of so long a separation. He was older—more of a man; and men, of course, must be different from boys. He had brought back with him, certainly, a great deal of entertaining talk, and gave her endless accounts of the great city, its streets, its houses, its horses, its theatres; above all, of its operas and its concerts. Both she and Ed had always been passionately devoted to music; they had understood it, by the light of nature as it were, from a very early age, and had constantly practised ever since. Ed's voice was not of much use, but he was an admirable performer on the violin. Beatrix, on the other hand, was above all things a singer, and her voice developed into a soprano of remarkable range and power. Amid such surroundings as hers it was, of course, impossible to estimate her faculty by any trustworthy standard; but, in her own little circle, she attained great celebrity, and the church choir would have been nothing without her. Her studies were not confined to church music; she knew by heart all the great operas and oratorios, and, in pursuance of the marked dramatic ability which she possessed, she had, with Ed's assistance, acted out scenes from many of the former (so far as two performers might) on the stage of the back drawing-room. The audience on such occasions was sometimes purely imaginary; but generally Mr. Randolph, who professed to be a connoisseur in musical affairs, occupied the auditorium, and applauded with sage discrimination. Often his presence was supplemented by that of the clergyman, who took a more than friendly interest in Beatrix, and whose expressions of enthusiasm were, therefore, perhaps less to be depended on than those of an entirely impartial listener would have been. On the other hand it might be said, however, that no one who had listened to

and looked at Beatrix for ten minutes could ever afterward be impartial. Men are but mortal, and no man not deaf and blind could be insensible to her enchantment, both of voice and aspect. One day Hamilton Jocelyn, who had heard all the famous singers of the world in his time, attended one of these private entertainments. Contrary to expectation, he turned out to be the most eulogistic auditor that Beatrix had ever had, and he wound up his praises by declaring that she must be provided with a master, to bring her voice out. The most indulgent of fathers was gratified by this tribute of admiration from such a source, to his favorite child; and a week or so afterward the master was sent out. Jocelyn's acquaintance with musical and theatrical people and things was larger than most people's, and he had fixed upon a man eminently qualified to do what was required of him. This was an elderly Englishman of respectable antecedents, who, twenty years before, had begun his musical career with what was considered the finest tenor voice of the age, and whose knowledge of the principles of music was as profound as his proficiency was remarkable. But before he had been a year on the operatic stage the theatre in which he was singing caught fire, and he was burned about the throat in such a way as forever to destroy the voice which would have made him rich and famous enough to satisfy ambition itself. Professor Dorimar, as he afterward came to be called, had some small private means, which rendered him in a humble way independent; and, with a philosophical serenity which rarely characterizes the musical temperament, he settled quietly down to be a writer on the art and science of whose highest triumphs he could never more hope to partake. He published a book on the subject of vocal culture, which will remain a classic with all who have intelligently read it; and he contributed occasional articles on musical problems and mysteries to the higher class of reviews. For the last eight years he had lived in New York; but he was known to very few; he sat with his piano and his manuscripts, and his visions of divine harmonies, in a retired little room a few blocks west of Washington square, and seldom went forth save to listen, for half an hour, to one or

other of the very few singers who, in his judgment, were great enough to sing. He never was known to have undertaken the personal instruction of pupils, though he might undoubtedly have derived a large income from so doing. But he was of opinion that the right to use the voice in music is given to but two or three in an age, and the chance that the training of one so gifted should fall to him was too remote to be considered. To the myriad chances of failure he preferred his comparative poverty and his peace of mind.

What arguments Jocelyn employed to woo him from his reserve cannot be known. But Mr. Randolph received a note from the Professor, mentioning the day and hour of his arrival, and requesting Mr. Randolph to meet him and drive him up from the railway station alone. This was done, and on the way the Professor stipulated that he should be enabled to hear Miss Randolph's voice before she was aware of his presence: "There is a train back to the city this evening, sir," he remarked, "and if I should conclude to take it, it would be well to have spared the young lady the annoyance of an interview." The matter was readily managed: Beatrix sang with the unembarrassed freedom of supposed solitude; and the Professor listened. When the young lady had finished her selection, whatever it was, she rose from the piano and passed out through the open window of the room to the verandah. Here she was surprised by the apparition of a meagre and pallid personage, of gentlemanly bearing and aspect, with a broad scar on the right side of his face and throat, and many thoughtful lines and wrinkles on his brow and around his eyes, who advanced toward her with a bow, and took her hand. As she looked at him, she fancied there were tears in his eyes. "Miss Randolph," he said in a low and very pleasant voice, "I am to have the honor of being your instructor; my name is Dorimar." He said no more at that time, but raised her soft fingers to his lips, and, with another bow, disappeared. He did not take the evening train back to the city, but, on the contrary, took up his abode in the Randolph's house; and being, in addition to his musical attainments, a man of cultivation, and of a singular *naïve* charm of character, he was nearly as



much of an acquisition to Mr. Randolph as to his daughter; and they all became very good friends. As to his teaching, it was a matter between his pupil and himself, and was not often referred to outside. It seemed to afford him especial pleasure to think that Beatrix was singing for music's sake, and without any purpose of publishing or profiting by her acquirements. "Music is a sacred thing, my child," he would often say to her, "and, like all sacred things, it is shamefully and almost universally desecrated. It is not a mere question of voice and ear, but of purity and loftiness of soul. Great music never was greatly sung by a charlatan, or a libertine, or a fortune-hunter. I, for my part, thank God that you are what you are, and that you will never be obliged to weigh your music against gold. The world may listen to you, if it can; but you shall be spared the insult of receiving for it what it dares to call recompense!" This was Professor Dorimar's hobby, and was almost the only topic that brought color to his cheeks. Beatrix sometimes asked him vague questions about the musical profession, its ways and conditions; but he would never answer them. "A good woman," he would say, "will always find more good than evil in the world; and she can only suffer by the reports of it given by those who are not good. It is the purity or the frailty of the heart that clears or blocks the path before you. Take no one's experience as the guide and measure of your own life. What is true for them will not be true for you." Beatrix acquiesced in all this wisdom; but, somewhere in her secret soul, she may have cherished the germ of an ambition to meet great multitudes of her fellow-creatures, to test herself upon them, perhaps to delight and inspire them, if there were power in her so to do. But it was all imagination—air-castles of the airiest kind. Young ladies of wealth and blue blood do not sing for a living, and people do not come before the public except for the purpose of making a living in some way. Besides, she was only the most obscure of amateurs, and probably could not for a moment bear comparison with a thousand professional singers, not to speak of the great ones at the summit of the art. She would have given the best ten years of her life, she

thought, to have heard those great ones; but Professor Dorimar, on various pretexts, opposed the idea. "Some day, when you are the wife of some fine fellow, you can see and hear all you wish to," he said; "but do not spoil it all by beginning too soon—before you can understand and discriminate." Mr. Randolph, if he had had a large circle of fashionable friends in New York, might have been inclined to spend a season there with the ornament of so pretty and accomplished a daughter; but, as things were, he felt that he would best consult his vanity by keeping her at home. So at home she remained, up to the time of entering upon her twentieth year. Then, several things happened.

In the first place, Ed went to Europe. There was some pretext about his attending lectures at a university of mining engineering in Saxony, but it was a tolerably transparent pretext. His father was of the opinion that the expense of maintaining him abroad would be more than repaid by the comfort of not having him at home. His propensity to get into mischief had not diminished of late, and the kind of mischief he got into as a young man, if less noisy than his boyish escapades, were certainly not less objectionable. He would be better in countries where nobody knew him, or was held responsible for him, than here, where all his sins were laid at Mr. Randolph's door. Whether this were the most conscientious way of dealing with a troublesome son, the most indulgent of fathers did not earnestly inquire. He may have contented himself with the assurance that a scapegrace like Ed would never be good for anything until he had had a chance to get the nonsense knocked out of him by the world. Whether he went to Saxony in quest of this result, or to Central Africa, or to the North Pole, was of no particular consequence. That he should come back, at the end of two or three years, somewhat toned down, was the best Mr. Randolph hoped. As to the question of funds, after a good deal of meditation, Mr. Randolph came to the following rather eccentric determination. Ed was to be allowed to draw on the paternal resources for whatever sums of money he, from time to time, might require. "You may draw little, or you may

draw much, my son," the old gentleman said, "and be it much or little, all your drafts will be duly honored. I shall not restrict you, nor advise you, but I shall depend upon your own sense of honor and decency, as a Randolph and a gentleman, not to abuse my confidence in you." This speech seemed to the utterer of it very noble and impressive, and also very sagacious and worldly-wise. For if to put a young fellow upon his honor will not make him reasonably virtuous and economical, what will? Ed certainly showed himself pleased with the arrangement, if not so much impressed by the phrases in which it was announced to him, concerning which, indeed, he privately and figuratively remarked to his sister that the old man seemed to think that talkee-talkie was the philosopher's stone! It is not to be inferred from this that Ed had any intention of committing an outrage upon the family estate; he was an enterprising and able youth, and probably expected to bring home all the treasures of the earth, at the end of his two or three years, and decorate the old homestead with them, not to mention bestowing an emperor's ransom upon Beatrix for her dowry. So he departed on his journey, quite with the air (in his sister's eyes at least) of a hero of romance. And she shed many tears, some because she should not see him again for so long, and some because she could not go with him, and some she could scarcely have told wherefore. "Poor dear Ed," she said to herself often, with an affectionate, uneasy sigh, "I do hope nothing very bad will happen to him!"

The next thing that occurred in this eventful year was an offer of marriage, emanating from no less distinguished a personage than Hamilton Jocelyn himself. Beatrix thought it was exceedingly funny he should do such a thing, and not altogether comfortable; but as it was instinctive with her to consider other people's feelings almost as much as her own, and sometimes more, she suppressed her emotions, and expressed her acknowledgments, adding that she had no idea of marrying anybody. When Jocelyn found that her resolve was not to be shaken, he very gracefully said that to have known and loved her was a privilege and a revelation for which he should never cease to be

indebted to her. He said that he had perhaps presumed too much in hoping that she could ever care for a grizzled old fellow like himself; but that his sentiments would never change, and that if, at any future time, circumstances should lead her to reconsider her present views, she would find him eager and grateful to throw himself at her feet. He concluded by requesting that she would forbear to mention the episode to anyone, even to her father, lest the latter should be grieved to discover that she could not bring herself to consent to an alliance with his oldest friend. Beatrix replied that she had no wish to speak of what had occurred, and that she hoped they both would forget it as soon as possible. Hereupon Jocelyn took his leave and went back to New York, probably regretting the issue of the adventure almost as much as he professed to do, although perhaps for reasons other than those he thought it expedient to allege.

The third event was the death of poor Professor Dorimar, which occurred suddenly, and filled Beatrix with grief, notwithstanding that it appeared, in one sense, the most natural thing that could have happened to the good and magnanimous old man. He had had a habit of looking upward as he talked, and Beatrix had thought that he seemed much of the time communing with a better world, and perhaps derived from some angelic source his grand ideas about music and its mission to mankind. It was the first death the girl had ever witnessed, and it invested the three years of the association together of the pupil and her master with a sort of retrospective sanctity. They had been altogether the happiest years of Beatrix's life, the Professor had taught her something else besides how to sing; less by words than by some tacit, sympathetic influence he had led her to perceive and meditate upon the nobler and loftier aspects and capacities of human nature. As to his share in her vocal culture, and her own proficiency, he never had made any definite pronouncement; but on the morning before his death he requested her to sing for him the air from Handel's oratorio of "The Messiah"—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." When she had finished, he said, "My child, you have enabled me to thank God that my

voice was destroyed, and that my life has been, for so many years, a lonely disappointment. I have had triumphs and blessings that most men do not even know how to desire. A mighty sceptre is in your hand," he went on, turning his grave and gentle eyes upon her. "I have helped to show you how to wield it. Power is very sweet, but it needs almost an angel not to use it harmfully. I don't know what life may be before you, my dear; but, whatever it be, I trust that when you come to the end of it, you will find as little cause to regret having met me, as I have much cause to

rejoice that I have known you." Beatrix hardly knew how to understand this, at the time; but afterward, the words frequently revisited her memory, and may have had some influence over her at critical moments of her career.

Still another matter remains to be alluded to, also of a distasteful character, and threatening more serious practical consequences than any of the others. But this long and desultory introduction may as well end here; and means shall be found to make the reader acquainted with the final calamity by another channel.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW DESTINY BEGAN TO OCCUPY ITSELF WITH HER AFFAIRS.

One morning in the early autumn a gentleman was performing his toilet in one of the handsome bed-chambers of a certain hotel near Union square, in the city of New York. He was apparently about fifty years of age, of medium height, stout, with a broad flat head, from the top of which the hair had disappeared, leaving a bushy ring round the sides and back. His face, which was ruddy and broad, with a large nose and a thick mouth, indicated coarse good-nature and shrewdness, tempered by irritability. At the moment we come upon him, he was standing in his shirt and trousers before the looking-glass, endeavoring to adjust a scarf necktie of brilliant colors. Something seemed to be wrong with the fastenings, and after a few ineffectual struggles, he wrathfully flung this important article of a gentleman's attire on the floor, emphasizing the act with an audible expletive. He then walked to the mantel-piece and poured some of the contents of a decanter into a tumbler, gazed at the liquor for a moment, and tossed it down his throat. He turned to the table, upon which, among various other articles, was lying a foreign cablegram. He took this up and glanced over it gloomily, then thrust his hands into his trouser-pockets and strode heavily to the window, where he remained, making inarticulate grunts and mutterings, and occasionally puckering his thick lips to whistle a few bars of some operatic air.

After a while his wandering gaze was arrested by the figure of a gentleman, fashionably dressed, who was coming along the street in the direction of the hotel. He stepped hastily across the room, and pressed the button of the electric bell beside the door.

"Tell the clerk," he said to the servant who presently answered the summons, "to ask Mr. Hamilton Jocelyn if he'll come up here; I want to see him. I guess you'll find him in the office. Look alive, now!"

"All right, General," replied the servant, who was a complacent negro, and seemed to entertain a kindly regard for the stout gentleman. "Nothin' else, sah?"

"Go to the devil!" the General answered testily; upon which the colored person smiled indulgently, and gently withdrew.

An interval of several minutes followed, during which the General marched up and down the room with a preoccupied and impatient air, like a lion moodily pacing his cage. At last there was a loud and brisk knock on the door, which opened at the same moment, and Mr. Jocelyn came in, with a jaunty smile, and a cigar in his mouth.

"Hallo, Signor Don General Impresario Inigo!" he exclaimed, as his gaze perused the wrathful and lugubrious figure of the owner of the room; "who's been crumpling your rose-leaves now? Do you know it's

half-past ten o'clock, and you ought to be—"

"I ought to be! Oh, yes, of course I ought to be! I shall be, too, before long—with such a gang of thieves and scoundrels as I've got to deal with! Now, look here!"

"I'm looking," said Jocelyn, seating himself in a rocking-chair and crossing one knee over the other. "Have a cigar? Why don't you put on your vest? I declare, General, you're getting stouter every day. Why don't you adopt the Turkish costume? it would suit your figure to a dot, besides giving your innocent victims a warning of your character. When I was in Stamboul—"

"Now, just you listen here," interrupted the General, a slight Jewish pronunciation becoming perceptible in his speech. He drew up a chair in front of his guest and sat down on it, with his feet drawn up underneath, and his fat hands on his knees. "Just you listen here. I'm an honest man, ain't I? I pay my way, cash down, don't I? I'm no slouch nor dead-beat, am I? When I sign a contract, and find I've got left, I don't go back on it, do I? Oh, this is a sweet world for honest folk, this is! I've been in this business fifteen years, by Jupiter! I've run all the big singers in this country and in Europe, and if you Americans have ever seen an opera decently put on the stage, you may thank me for it. Where would all these blessed stars and divas, with their three and four thousand dollars a night—where would they be if Moses Inigo hadn't shown 'em up, and worked for 'em, and kept 'em straight, and humored 'em, and stepped out and told lies for 'em, to the public's face, by Jupiter! And here I am, a poor man to-day, and they rolling in riches! And haven't I just gone and built the finest opera-house in the world, for a million and a half of dollars out of my own pocket, and—"

"Yes, for a poor and virtuous man you've done pretty well, General," put in Jocelyn, removing his hat and yawning. "But what's the matter? Has the chorus struck for higher wages, or won't the electric light work, or didn't that fellow at the club pay you the five dollars you won of him, or haven't you had your cocktail this morning—or what?"

With an air of terrible calmness, General

Inigo arose, took the telegram from the table, and handed it to his friend without a word. The latter received it indolently, disengaged from his fob-pocket a pair of eyeglasses, placed them across the handsome curve of his nose, and began to read the telegram with a sigh. Meanwhile the General, with a certain air of tragic satisfaction, repaired to the mantel-piece and repeated his late transaction with the decanter and tumbler. He then resumed his chair, still in silence.

Jocelyn had by this time re-read the telegram more than once, had said "humph!" in several tones, and had bitten his lip and pulled at his side-whiskers reflectively. "Well," he observed at length, returning the paper to the other, "she has played it pretty low down on you, Inigo, and no mistake! Any idea what's got into her?"

The General lifted his shoulders and eyebrows and spread out his hands. He had temporarily become as voiceless as he was just now voluble. He was enjoying the dignity of unutterable wrongs.

"Any row about terms?" pursued Jocelyn.

The impresario smiled scornfully, as one who could not deign to correct such an insinuation.

"Must be something, you know," said Jocelyn. "A woman doesn't throw away twelve thousand dollars a week for nothing. Depend on it you've stepped on her toes somehow. I'll tell you what it may be—you haven't put about any photographs of her. Of course! What are you thinking of?"

"Yes; you are one of those fellows that think they can fix everything in five minutes," growled the impresario, breaking silence at last. "Now, just you look at this"—he held up a broad, square-topped forefinger: "That woman has never had a photograph, nor any sort of picture, made of her in her life. She won't allow it to be done; that's her fad; and by Jupiter it's pretty smart of her, when you come to think of it!"

"Homely, is she? Has to depend on her voice? I see!"

"You don't see an inch before your nose! She may depend on her voice when she's nothing else to depend on; there's not another voice like it ever been heard in Amer—

ica; but—homely! Well, I saw her last year in St. Petersburg, and if ever I set my eyes on a handsomer woman, I'll take 'em out of my head and give 'em to her! No, sir! I'm a judge, if any man is, and I say that for face, figure, and movement there ain't her equal on the stage to-day."

"Then why the deuce—"

"Exactly! that's just it! 'Why the deuce?' is the whole thing in a nutshell. Everybody says it, and what's the result? Why, that everybody's ten times as hot to see her as if they all had her picture tucked away in their breast-pockets, or their watch-cases—or on their mantel-pieces, if they're bachelors. She makes on it, every time. She knows that any woman can be made to look handsome in a photograph; but she's the only handsome woman before the public whose photo's never been seen. I tell you, sir, curiosity, if it's managed well, will make two dollars where beauty, or anything else, will make one. There's no advertisement ever came up to it! And to work up curiosity has been that woman's pet scheme from the start. There's more stories going about her, and scandal—and fewer facts that you can put your finger on. . . . Oh, she's smart!"

"She's overdone it this time," Jocelyn remarked. "'Unable to keep my contract,' is what her telegram says; 'will pay forfeit.' How much is that, by the by?"

"Bah! I would as lief take ten cents! Am I a man to cry about a little money? That ain't my trouble. But here I am, with my opera-house built, and my posters out for three weeks back, and advertisements and paragraphs in every paper in the Union, and everybody on their beam-ends to get the first sight of the great Russian prima donna (though whether she's Russian, or Irish, or American, the devil only knows—it's just what she's a mind to call it), and my great prima donna drops me a telegram that she ain't coming, by Jupiter! A nice figure she makes me cut, don't she? Here am I, with a public record of fifteen years, and never once disappointed an audience, or kept 'em waiting, or failed to give 'em their money's worth—and now, after all my labor, and planning, and contriving, this is the reward I get—to be made a fool of! The jewel reputation—that's what she's robbed me of! I'd

sooner she'd done me out of a million. But I'll be even with her, as sure as I'm Inigo, if I have to send her an ounce of dynamite in a jewel-case!"

"She's never been heard in this country, has she?"

"No; nor in England either. I don't suppose there's another man besides me in New York to-day that has ever heard or seen her. She's kept herself on the Continent, and sung for royalty, and kept herself out of people's way, as if she were royalty herself—that's been her game. And a first-class game it is, too, when a woman can afford to play it, as she can. She never hollers for herself—she lets the others do it for her. And that's why the public will pay higher to listen to her—if they could only get her!—than to any other woman that sings. And I traveled eight thousand miles and spent close on to two million dollars, just so they might have what they wanted—and this is how I get left!"

"Can't you get any other—"

"Any other? Oh, yes, I dare say; of course! I think I can see 'em when I propose it! Why, they've been that jealous of this new woman, as they call her, and of me building a theatre for her, and cracking her up to be the finest soprano and the grandest singer in the world, that when they hear she's sold me, they'll be ready to split 'em-selves for joy—that's what they'll be! And if they could only get me just to ask one of 'em to take her place, so as to give a chance to say, 'Don't you wish you may get me!'—I do believe they'd split outright and be done with it!"

"You're confoundedly vulgar this morning, Inigo," observed his friend, musingly. "They say success is more trying than adversity, but I think the reverse is true in your case. Of course I wasn't thinking of substituting Patti or Scalchi, or any of that calibre—they'd stand on their dignity, naturally. But, as your great Russian is entirely unknown here, except by reputation, I was thinking—" he paused.

"Out with it, man, if there's anything there!" exclaimed General Inigo, impatiently.

"By George, I shouldn't wonder if it could be done!" muttered Jocelyn, half to him-



self. "Why not? There's necessity enough, on both sides!"

"What's that?" demanded the General.

"I'll tell you what I want you to do, Inigo," said Jocelyn, throwing the butt of his cigar into the fire-place, and resuming his hat. "I want you to finish putting on your clothes, and get yourself into a composed and respectable frame of mind, and then join me down-stairs, and we'll go over to the club and have breakfast. I've had only a cup of coffee this morning, thus far."

"Have breakfast?" cried the General indignantly. "Is that all you have to propose?"

"No—not by a good deal. Unless I'm very much mistaken, I've got a scheme that'll set you on your legs again, upset all the rivals, and make your great Russian strangle herself for rage. But I'm going to turn it over in my mind first, and then I'll let you into it, in my own way. You came to the right quarter this time, old fellow. But it isn't every man in the world, let me remind you, that's got a Hamilton Jocelyn to advise him."

"All I have to say," returned Inigo, as he took his place once more in front of the looking-glass, and selected another neck-scarf from the drawer, "is, that whoever does Moses Inigo a good turn never has any reason to regret it. That's all I have to say, at present. We'll go into details when we've heard what the good turn looks like."

"You'll find me below in the reading-room," said Jocelyn, turning, with his hand on the door. "You'd better make your arrangements so that we can leave town, if necessary, and be away all night. And mind you don't open your mouth to any human soul about what has happened. Everything depends on that!"

"I guess I know how to hold my tongue, anyhow!" exclaimed the impresario, resentfully; but before he could say more, the door had closed, and he was alone. In the course of ten minutes he finished his toilet, and sallied forth, jingling his door-key as he went.

"If he pulls me out of this scrape, by Jupiter I'll make his fortune!" he murmured to himself, as he took the elevator to the office floor.

When the two gentlemen were seated at their breakfast-table, in a retired corner of

the club dining-room, and had swallowed their first cup of coffee, Jocelyn opened his mouth and spake as follows:

"How old is your Russian phoenix?"

"She looks twenty and may be thirty," the General replied.

"What's her style? Stout or thin, tall or short, dark or fair?"

"That's about as she likes, I expect. She's what I call a true child of nature—changes with the seasons!" said the other, with a wink. "One of those women with hazel eyes and oval face, and hair all the way from straw-color to black, that can make 'emself look like anything. She's about medium height. When we'd signed the contract, at our last interview," he continued, putting on a diabolical leer of retrospective gallantry, "I pressed a chaste salute upon her brow, and didn't have to stoop for it."

"Probably it was the recollection of that embrace that influenced her in throwing up her engagement," remarked Jocelyn, dryly. "You're a dangerous fellow with women, Inigo—in some senses! Better make all your salutes parting ones—final partings. Well, to continue: does she speak English?"

"Just as well as I do myself," returned the General, emphatically.

"Poor girl!" said Jocelyn, as if to himself.

"What are all these questions for, anyhow?" demanded Inigo, after a pause.

"What sort of an actress is she?" went on Jocelyn, not noticing the interruption. "Realistic, or conventional, or what?"

"Independent, I should call her," said the other. "She doesn't seem to act much anyhow, if you know what I mean. Free—graceful—spontaneous!" he explained, waving his short arm about, with a forkful of mashed potato in his hand. "Worth your money to see her just walk about the stage," he added, engulfing the potato in his enormous jaws.

"She'll do!" said Jocelyn, leaning back in his chair with the air of a man who has succeeded in an arduous and ingenious enterprise. "Your famous Russian diva, my dear Signor Impresario, lives not more than a hundred miles from where we are sitting; and if I know anything about human nature, and hers in particular, she will make her ap-

pearance as per advertisement, and sing herself and you up to your chins in bank-notes; not to mention my modest little commission!"

"Bah! What ails him now?" said the General, helping himself to another *croquette*.

"Let me tell you a little story," continued Jocelyn. "About a hundred miles from New York city there lived, once upon a time, a beautiful and talented young lady, only daughter of a father who had brought her up in luxury, refinement and seclusion. This young lady had an amazing genius for music, and a voice so ravishing that the larks came down from the clouds to listen to her, and the nightingales grew hoarse with unavailing rivalry. The best instructor in the world was procured to train her, and in the course of a few years he turned her out finished in every respect; but, unfortunately for mankind, her affluent circumstances forbade her appearance on the public stage. At this juncture, however, a providential change of circumstances altered the entire complexion of her career. She had a brother, a wild and graceless youth, who, finding his native place too narrow for the development of his energies, went forth to investigate foreign lands, with an unlimited letter of credit on the paternal exchequer. Now, this same letter of credit is the specious—specie, I would say—disguise of the fairy who works the transformation. The energetic youth makes use of it to such good purpose that, in less than a year from the time of his departure, he has not only exhausted the family income, but has made desperate inroads into the capital, most of which has to be sold out, and the remainder heavily mortgaged; the old gentleman paying all demands for the sake of what he calls the honor of the family, though other people might think it was in order to prove what an incorrigible idiot a man of antiquated prejudices and aristocratic lineage can make of himself, when he is afforded the opportunity. The result, at any rate, at the time of which we speak, is that the old gentleman finds himself choked with honor and destitute of cash; that he is on the point of being obliged to sell the ancestral mansion in order to satisfy the creditors, and that, were the honor he

has preserved at so high a price worth anything in the market, he might perhaps be disposed to mortgage some of it in consideration of an assurance of bread-and-butter for the rest of his life."

"I've heard of gifted amateurs before now," began Inigo, shaking his big head with a sigh; but Jocelyn interrupted him.

"What you've heard before is nothing to the purpose," said he. "This is precisely the case that contradicts all experience.—Now, it so happened that a certain distinguished impresario had spent vast sums and made stupendous preparations to introduce a famous singer to the New York public. It so happened, too, that the diva in question, although so famous, was personally quite unknown in this country; and, as if for the special purpose of insuring the success of the grand enterprise that was preparing, she had even taken a whim to allow no portraits of herself to be exhibited. For some cause, at present unknown to this historian, the diva, at the last moment, backed out of her contract. The distinguished impresario, with disgrace and ruin staring him in the face, luckily bethought himself to consult the wisest man of his acquaintance, who, by virtue of his presence of mind and penetration, promptly saw the way out of the difficulty. He took the impresario with him to the ancestral mansion aforesaid, where the young lady sang to them, and was instantly made the recipient of the following offer by the impresario: that she was to assume, and inviolably maintain, the name and personality of the Russian Diva; that under this name and character she was to come to New York, take up her abode at the most fashionable hotel, and receive whatever company will venture to form the acquaintance of a lady with a history so formidably and fascinatingly scandalous as hers. In consideration—"

"Hold on! hold on!" said Inigo, with a shake of his hand in the air; "I see what you're driving at. I didn't take it in at first, that your amateur was to appear as the diva herself, as well as to be her substitute. It's a smart notion; but I expect it'll do better to talk about than to try. She'd slip up somehow; she might carry it out for a day or two, but when you come to two or three

months, that's another story! It would take a better actress than I've ever come across to—"

"She won't have to act at all," Jocelyn interposed. "The public, of course, will have made up its mind beforehand that she is the real original diva, and the more unsophisticated she appears, the more convinced and charmed they'll be. They'll take her innocence to be the diva's consummate hypocrisy, man alive! and any unfamiliarity she may show on the stage, to be the perfection of acting. But for that matter, when once they've heard her sing, they wouldn't exchange her for all the divas in Christendom!"

"If she can sing—yes!" said the impresario, rather sceptically.

"Did you ever happen to hear of a gentleman by the name of Dorimar?" inquired Jocelyn, putting down his wristbands, and folding his handsome hands on the edge of the table.

"Old Dorimar? Rather! Best man in the profession. Dead now, poor old boy! Ah, if he'd only kept his voice—"

"Dorimar was the instructor I mentioned just now. He went up one day just to hear her try her voice, and the consequence was he stayed three years to listen to it. He told me a month before he died, she was the finest soprano, with the grandest method, he'd ever known."

"The devil he did! Dorimar was no fool, that's a fact."

"I found her out before he did. If it hadn't been for me, where would you be now, friend Moses?"

"That's all right, but I've got to hear her first."

"That's why I told you to make your arrangements to be out of town to-night. We'll take the noon train up there. I've telegraphed 'em to expect me. We'll settle with her to-night, and be back in town to-morrow morning. Now, as to terms. You'll have to pay her what you'd promised the diva."

"Oh, I will, will I? I'll see about that!" returned the impresario, with a shrewd grimace. "No need of me believing she's the real diva as well as the audience!"

"In that case, we won't take the noon train," said Jocelyn firmly.

"Say, my boy, what's your game?" inquired the other, after a pause, during which the men had looked intently at each other. "Do you want me to pay you her salary, and you hand her over whatever doesn't stick to your fingers—is that it? He, he he!"

"You're a coarse-minded idiot," said Jocelyn brusquely. "You attend to your business, and let me manage mine. I know what I want, and how to get it. If she's not all I say she is, of course the bargain's off altogether. If she is, you'll have to pay for her—that's all! And if you don't like those terms, you can get out of your scrape yourself—if you can!"

"You ought to be a rich man, my boy, one of these fine days," remarked the impresario, meditatively. "Well, if she comes up to your report, I'll agree. But if she doesn't—"

"If she doesn't, I'll stand the railway fare there and back!" said Jocelyn; and with that they laughed, and rose from the table. As they were passing out of the room, a tall young man, with a thick brown beard and severe blue eyes, met them in the doorway. He had a roll of paper in his hand.

"You're the man I'm looking for," he said to Inigo.

"Hullo, Bellingham!" said Jocelyn. "How comes on the Temple of the Muses?"

"All right," replied the gentleman so addressed, rather curtly, as his manner was. He looked at Inigo and added, "There's a point about the construction of the stage entrance I must consult you on."

"I'm in a devil of a hurry," objected the impresario reluctantly.

"I want only ten minutes," Bellingham said.

"You architects are worse than . . . Oh, by the way, I can't decide about it till to-morrow, anyhow," exclaimed the other, as Bellingham began to unroll his paper. He glanced at Jocelyn, and went on, "Come to the office to-morrow afternoon, and we'll fix it."

"The workmen will have to wait," said Bellingham.

"Everybody has to do that," returned the impresario sententiously; and, with a nod, he and Jocelyn went out.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

(To be continued.)

## THE RATTLESNAKE.

IF it were not for the traditionally repulsive idea connected with serpents, the rattlesnake should take the place of the bald eagle as our national emblem. He is the most thoroughly characteristic of the larger animals of the New World, and one whose behavior both in war and peace is "without fear and without reproach." If anyone objects that he is lazy, I reply that he does all that he is called upon to do with proper diligence; and that it is better to be represented by his negative traits in this respect, than by the piratical habits of the eagle, who lives chiefly through plunder. I never yet have seen a man who did not hold the rattlesnake in most thorough respect.

The rattlesnakes belong to the family *Crotalidae*, and are confined to the western hemisphere. Four genera, containing seventeen species, are designated in the United States, of which the most strongly marked genus is *Crotalus*, of Linné (*crotalia* were jingling ear-rings of pearls, and the *crotalum* a castanet used as an accompaniment by dancing girls). In the present article, the eastern *Crotalus horridus* (formerly *C. durissus*) is usually meant.

Young rattlers are born in broods of eight or a dozen, early in summer, and remain together until they have well got their growth. During this juvenescence they seem as viciously inclined, and as artful in rattling, coiling and striking as they ever afterward become, exhibiting these characteristic traits even when just escaped from the egg, and with the yolk-sac still hanging to the abdomen.

In dull, wet weather all varieties of this serpent lie quiet and lethargic, and are then most to be feared; but when the sun shines, the chilly rattlesnake climbs upon the warm rocks or stretches himself in a dusty road; moccasin\* and massasauga† creep from their "tangled fens" upon hard banks or low-

drooping limbs, along whose upper surface they balance their rugged folds; while the copperhead crowns the stump at the edge of the clearing with a brazen coil.

There is a popular belief that the snake never eats or drinks during the hot weather, but that this is wrong has been shown by many specimens in confinement; manifestly it must be, since only in summer can he prepare himself for the long fast of winter hibernation, while the young must eat to nourish their growth. Dr. R. E. Kunzé, of New York, who kept a large rattlesnake in his office, and wrote an instructive history of it in *Science News* (1879), found it ate willingly about twice a week, killing the living mice put into its cage and wanting two mice for a meal, with perhaps an hour between them. Others have had great difficulty in inducing their captives to eat at all; they have been known to live a year and a half without a mouthful. They must have water to drink, however, a want they seem to feel keenly in a state of nature, often invading door-yards and even houses in search of it when the woods are dry.

The most noteworthy incident, I fancy, in the career of the little rattlesnakes (as well as other ophidian youngsters) is their occasional hasty retreat into the stomach of the mother as a temporary refuge—a fact which I must ask you to accept as proved, since I have not space to present the evidence which seems to me thoroughly conclusive.

There is a queer Shoshonee myth which some have thought was inspired by this snake-swallowing, but I cannot see that it ever had anything more to do with it than with the well-known fact of sloughing the skin—nor as much. This is the myth accounting for the origin of the echo, and it is as follows:

Iówi, the Turtle Dove, was gathering seeds

\* Of this word there are a dozen spellings: it is the Eastern-Indian word for shoe, and is said by Schele De Vere (*Americanisms*, p. 35) to have been given to the snake because its markings are "like the black marks of wear and tear on the buff leather."

† Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, authority in

these matters, writes me that the spelling I have adopted is the one chosen by him for the snake, though he uses *mississauga* or *messissauga* for the Indian tribe from which the snake takes its name. This tribe (Chippewaya of Canada) is named from a locality—"the great outlet" of the lake.

and laid her babe down while it slept. Wandering away at her work, a witch came, stole the boy, carried him to her mountain home, stretched him into a man and married him; but, like Paul Bunty in "Vice-Versa," though he had the stature of a man he had the heart of a babe. The distracted *lówi* and her brother Kwina, the Eagle, searched day after day for the *tsáarwits* and her victim, and finally got the babe back, re-transformed and as lovely as before. The angry witch, however, was bent upon recovering her husband; she said to herself: "Well I know Kwina is the brother of *lówi*, a great warrior and a terrible man. I will go to *Togóá*, the Rattlesnake, my grandfather, who will protect me and kill my enemies." She found him asleep on a rock, and he resented both her interruption and her request for his aid. While they were parleying, they heard Kwina coming, and *Togóá* said, "Hide! hide!" But she knew not where to hide until the grandfather opened his mouth and bid the *tsáarwits* creep into his stomach. This made *Togóá* very sick, however, and he begged her to come out, but she refused, for she was in great fear. Then his retchings became so great that he could endure them no longer, but crawled out of his own skin. The witch, imprisoned there, rolled about and hid in the rocks. When Kwina came near he shouted, "Where are you, old *tsáarwits*? Where are you, old *tsáarwits*?" only to hear his words repeated by her in mockery. Ever since then witches have lived in snake-skins among the rocks; and it is their mocking voices passers-by hear and call *echoes*.

The young rattlers grow with rapidity, and attain pretty near their adult size by the end of the year. This, in the *horridus* rarely, if ever, exceeds a length of five feet; nor are the other species larger, but rather the contrary, except the southern one (*C. admantus*), examples of which, eight feet long, have been seen; while the *miliaria* and *Kirtlandi* are less than three feet. All are thick in proportion to their length, with a small neck, and the wide triangular head, like the barbed point of an arrow, that gives as characteristic an appearance as does its inflated hood to the cobra, and one equally frightful to human eyes. The amount, pat-

tern and intensity of the coloring of the hide, made up of hues of livid gray, black and blue-black, chestnut, copper red and sulphur yellow, for the most part, varies widely in different species and under different conditions; thus in dry and open districts, like the great plains, the colors fade into an inconspicuous sameness, harmonizing closely with the dusty ground and stunted herbage.

In favorable localities rattlesnakes occur in amazing plenty, and the stories, to be heard in every State, of "dens," where they writhe in countless numbers and dreadful intimacy, have some foundation. De Kay cites an instance where two men, in Warren County, N. Y., about 1840, slaughtered 1,100 rattlesnakes in three days on the eastern side of Tongue Mountain. In 1877 a farmer killed 76 massasaugas in a cranberry marsh of Crawford County, Ohio, where are still harbored many serpents disappearing elsewhere. Some swamps and canebrakes in the far South swarm with the dreaded cottonmouth; and local species occur in thousands on parts of the plains and Rocky Mountains, particularly in the tufa craters of warm springs, in Utah. But perhaps the nearest approach to the "den" of the sensational picture is an island in Pyramid Lake, Nevada, where during the warm months "it is absolutely dangerous to walk about those parts of the island where they are colonized."

This animal is easily killed or disabled, however, and has in man an implacable enemy not only directly but in many indirect ways; yet there are few localities favorable to him where he has been exterminated. You can find rattlesnakes in plenty, for example, within five miles of the centre of New Haven. It is doubtful if any of the several species will ever suffer extinction.

Scales being undistensible, and never falling out to be replaced, like hair and feathers (with which they have no homology), serpents get room for growth and renew their coats periodically by sloughing off the entire skin, underneath which a new external skin has formed and separated itself from the now faded and husky cuticle. This process occurs during August in the adult, two or three changes happening in a single summer with youngsters, who outgrow their vest-



ments very speedily. It is a popular idea that this midsummer sloughing occupies a considerable period, during which the serpents are harmless, because blind. It is quite supposable that this might be so, since the outer layer of the cornea of the eye peels off with the slough, and during the few preceding days the eye has a dim and filmy appearance. But captive snakes, given active mice at this time, attacked them without hesitation or missing. After the molt the eye gleams bright and cold like a jewel, but with a sullen, ferocious and relentless expression, for it is overhung by the bony pent-house of the broad, strong superorbital bones that give a fulcrum for the powerful muscles of the jaws. This cruel eye and its fixed stare, introduces the once vexing question of fascination; but before discussing it, some account of the food and feeding habits of our subject will be well.

The disposition of the whole family is sluggish and opposed to any active movement even in taking its prey, beyond the one lightning-swift blow that smites it down—so startling a contrast to the ordinary lethargy! The moccasin, to be sure, is somewhat an exception, since he is a good swimmer and chases in their element frogs, smaller water-snakes, tadpoles and the less agile fishes, like the catfish.

The most rapid exertions of rattlesnakes are aroused in fleeing from danger; yet, when doing their best on open ground, their pace can easily be equaled by a child, without running, as I have seen on the plains, so that a black-snake or a *Eutania* could not only overtake, but circle round and round them. Their plan in food-getting, then, is not to pursue their prey, but to lie in wait for it and strike before their presence is suspected. Protected by his colors, that assimilate him to the haunts he most frequents, whether woods and rocks, as in the Eastern crotali, or the bare uplands chosen by the far Western species; the shaded morasses threaded by the dark-skinned massasaugas; the lush meadows where the copperhead lurks; the stream-bank or rice-ridge whence the cottonmouth plunges into the water; or the yellow weeds under whose mottled shadows the little ground-rattlers become invisible—hidden and motionless for hours together in

one or another of these resorts, the crotalus coils in patient vigilance. "Though aware of the passenger's presence, he either lies quiet or glides away to a more retired spot." His course is that of the darkey who was urged to follow one into the thicket and kill it: "Massa, I nebber boddies nuffin' wot don' bodder me; I makes dat a rule!" Here, again, nevertheless, an exception must be noted for the copperhead, and more especially for the moccasin—vicious reptiles, asking little provocation before inflicting their deadly wound. Holbrook says the moccasin "attacks everything that comes within its reach, erecting its head and opening its mouth for some seconds before it bites." All other snakes put in a cage with it show the keenest terror. No species of crotalus, however, will follow the object of its rage as do some of the non-venomous serpents.

Such are the facts respecting the food-getting of the rattlesnakes, while those of other serpents would furnish an equally prosaic explanation; yet the notion that the small, bead-like eye, and tongue darting forked flame from black lips, exerted a charm or fascination upon smaller animals, luring them within reach of the fatal stroke, is as old as the fabled basilisk—older, indeed, for to it, no doubt, the very image of the basilisk owes its origin. Traveling westward, it came to America with the earliest bookmakers, and was at once attached to our subject and to the black-snake. "Birds have been seen to drop into its Mouth," wrote Pennant; "Squirrels descend from their trees and Leverets run into its jaws. Terror and amazement seem to lay hold on these little animals," etc., etc. "All agree," says old Catesby, of South Carolina, who confesses he never witnessed the phenomenon of fascination for himself—"all agree in the manner of the Process, which is that the Animals, particularly Birds and Squirrels, no sooner spy the Snake than they skip from Spray to Spray, hovering and approaching gradually nearer the Enemy, regardless of any other Danger, but with distracted Gestures and Outcries descend, tho' from the top of the loftiest Trees, to the Mouth of the Snake, who openeth his Jaws, takes them in, and instantly swallows them."

Nowadays no well informed person accepts this tale as containing more than the merest grain of fact. It is true that the rattlesnake does lie for hours at the foot of a tree or in other convenient situations, silent and watchful. If he is seen there by any of the small denizens of the woodland it is doubtful if he is recognized at once as an enemy. I have never been a witness, nor do I recall a record of a commotion in the woods arising from his presence such as follows the discovery of a hawk or owl. When Dr. Kunz excited his captive snake into a perfect frenzy of rattling and alertness, then brought his pet squirrel close to the glass front, neither of the animals paid the least attention, the squirrel showing no concern whatever at the proximity and noise of the crotalus. This is by no means an isolated instance of its kind.

In the case of tree-climbing, bush-prowling snakes, which are arrant nest-robbers, the discovery by birds of their young in the marauder's grasp, would lead to frantic efforts to drive the intruder away and secure the release of the fledgling. In attempting this with the rattlesnake they would flutter about his head and probably get struck down as the reward of their noble exposure. This situation accounts for many supposed instances of "fascination."

Cases of another class have often been attributed to an "amazement and terror" at being suddenly brought face to face with a strong and relentless enemy, that amounts to paralysis and lead to such behavior as Catesby has outlined. But from all that we can learn of the reptile in captivity, and from negative evidence out of doors, no such recognition of the snake as a foe occurs. By taking away any cause of excessive fright, this fact destroys the argument. Nevertheless it may sometimes happen, and, if it does, prostration of nerve, would not be surprising. Men have fainted from astonishment and fear. I have seen deers and antelopes, suddenly disturbed, stand stupidly staring or jumping up and down, their wits gone in a panic. Hares, startled from their forms, sometimes run right toward the gun instead of away from it; or they have been known to drop dead before a shot was fired. The helplessness in mind as well as body of a mouse

under the paw of a cat, of the hog-nosed snake when you have got it at sudden disadvantage, of the possum, and many other animals, when they are involuntarily "feigning death," are all examples of this physical helplessness resulting from excessive fright on some natures. I am willing to admit that serpents may owe an occasional meal to the paralysis caused by their sudden presence before the eyes of a timid bird or squirrel; but I am confident that no one of these small and gentle creatures, if allowed to recover from its impulsive fright, or gradually introduced to the snake, would ever fall a victim to his *fascination*, "charm he never so wisely."

The inquisitiveness, so characteristic of wild animals, might lead them now and then into difficulty with serpents, as it does with other foes to their peace of mind and body. Lastly, if any such falling into the jaws of the rattlesnake was ever observed, as has been alleged, without imaginary additions, did it not *follow* rather than precede the stroke, and occur under the influence of the slow-acting poison, which left the victim power to flutter for a brief space before falling in the stupor of approaching death? The struggles of a poisoned bird, with the snake lying waiting underneath, would make such a picture as Catesby drew; and it is a fact that the bite is not always instantly fatal.

It has been thought that the purpose of the rattle—an organ which it has greatly puzzled naturalists to find the true utility of—might be to stimulate the curiosity of small animals, and so attract them to destruction.

The "rattle" consists of a varying number of hollow, flattened and somewhat rounded segments at the end of the tail, terminating in a more globular one called the "button." These are hinged loosely together so as to have considerable play, and the number of pieces, as well as their shape, varies greatly in different snakes and at different ages; while the copperhead and massasauga have none at all, but only a horny tip to the tail. There are records of 44, 32 and 21 rattles, but 12 or 14 is the usual number in full-grown crotali of the larger-sized species.

They show no accurate index of age,\* as was formerly supposed, but may be lost and replaced irregularly.

The crepitating sound of the rattles is a mechanical result of their jarring, and may be produced by shaking them in your hand, or accidentally by the animal in moving along uneven ground. This, however, is hardly audible, and the sound becomes so only by increased agitation of the tail, which can be made to vibrate with singular swiftness. As a continuous and sustained action, this has no parallel anywhere that I know of in the higher animals, and is only approached by the whirring speed of a humming-bird's wings, making mist of their invisible motion while poising before a flower. Similarly the motion of the rattle in an excited snake cannot be followed by the eye, its shape disappearing in a fan of light. The enormous muscular and nervous force involved is shown, also, in the fact that this inconceivably rapid movement of the tail can be sustained for several hours without an instant's rest, as I have repeatedly witnessed.

What is the purpose of this vibration of the tail and loud rattling? Does it serve any use to the creature, and, if so, what? I do not think all naturalists are yet agreed upon the proper answer to these questions, but certain facts seem made out, one of which, not to be forgotten, is that many other serpents, outside the *Crotalidae*, set their tails into swift vibration when teased or excited. Another point is the close resemblance between the sound of the snake's rattling and the crepitation of the wings of certain cicadae and locusts. The view has been advanced that the rattling of the serpent was an imitative sound, operating to attract within reach of his fangs such animals—especially birds—as feed upon these insects. This imitative apparatus, beginning in a tendency to develop buttons or rattles on the tail (originating, as many herpetologists think, in an incomplete shedding of the skin at that part), and in the inherent disposition to wag the tail (which is a channel for the expression of surplus energy in all ani-

mals), was accounted for through a process of development by natural selection. This seems to me, as I read it, remarkably unlikely. It asserts prodigious preparation for very small results, since the insects simulated are never particularly plentiful where the majority of rattlesnakes occur, taking the whole country across; are noisy only a quarter of the year; and the birds to be deceived form only a small portion of the reptile's fare.

Yet, though I cannot admit that the insect mimicry is worth much consideration, I can see how the noise made by the tail might act as a deadly lure to birds and small mammals by working upon their curiosity, a weakness particularly noticeable in squirrels. The interesting record Dr. Mitchell gives of the behavior of the small animals he was constantly placing in the cages of his large colony of rattlesnakes, bears directly upon this point and has been confirmed by other writers. None of them exhibited any terror at the company they found themselves in after they had recovered from their nervousness at being handled. "The smaller birds . . . soon became amusingly familiar with the snakes, and were seldom molested even when caged with six or eight large crotali. The mice, which were similarly situated, lived on terms of easy intimacy with the snakes, sitting on their heads, moving around their gliding coils, undisturbed and unconscious of danger." The little creatures were eager yet timorous to examine every part of the folded and strangely clothed occupants of the prison-cage. When visitors as large as dogs—against which, by the way, this snake shows special antipathy\*—tried a close investigation, the serpents themselves became fearful, sounded their rattles and struck in self-defense.

This innocence of danger on the part of birds, mice, guinea-pigs, etc., would go strongly against the position so often assumed to begin with, that the rattling would be disadvantageous to the snake, because it would in-

\* An odd note in Thomas Morton's "New English Canaan," 1632, is worth quoting: "There is one creeping beetle or creeple (as the name is in Devonshire) that hath a rattle at his tayle, that doth discover his age."

\* A strange bit of Indian superstition may be mentioned here. Among the Northern Californians, according to Bancroft, snakes appear to get most of the blame for sickness. The medicine men of this race pretend to discover the locality of the reptile-spirit in the body of a suffering patient by *barking* at it for some time, the idea being to frighten it away as a dog would do a live snake.

stantly frighten away the small animals intended as prey; since, so long as the serpent does not chase them, they seem to associate no harm with his face or his music. Why should they? How can they have any experience of him which is effective to their minds? A horse or deer is struck, suffers, but recovers, remembers tenaciously (and, very likely, instructs his young) what it was that inflicted the injury. Never a squirrel or warbler survives to tell the tale, and usually there are no witnesses to the deed. The smaller agile serpents would be more likely to inspire general alarm, because they are often *seen* in hot pursuit of prey they do not always catch.

But though it is possible that by playing upon the curiosity or even by deceiving through mimicry, the crepitating tail might now and then become useful, I do not think that, as an aid in food-getting, it is ever of more than accidental service. As a matter of sober fact, the rattle is not heard when the crotalus is seeking its prey, which is procured by stealthily crawling and by lying, patient and rigid, ambushed in the accustomed haunts of small animals until chance favors.

What, then, is the *raison d'être* of this rattle? It is not itself a weapon, nor has it anything to do with the mechanism or effect of the poison-fangs, for it is not heard when the stroke is made in a natural and unalarmed way, for the sake of killing food. The composure with which mice and squirrels listen to this strong and characteristic racket argues this by inference, as showing that they do not connect the sound with any idea of harm. If it is true that the tendency to make rattles in this group of ophidians has been "seized upon by natural selection and made functional," then it seems to me that everything goes to show that this function is not for foraging, but is chiefly one of defense through a defiant warning, and, secondly, a means of calling the sexes together, thus ministering to the propagation of the race. Fear, or the restless desire for companionship, are the only influences that evoke sounds from serpents or any other reptiles. The batrachians may croak and pipe for fun, but the bellowing of the pine-snake, the blowing of the hog-nose, the hiss-

ing of the black and various grass snakes, is only heard when they are calling to the other sex in the pairing season, or when they are attacked. The rattlesnake, however, has no voice—can make none of these sounds with his throat, so that his means of communication and expression are confined to his rattles, and the more you attack or annoy him, the louder his expression of protest. This is to be seen plainly with fresh captives, full of alarm at confinement and observation. A strong illustration occurred to me once when I was one of a party encamped in Southern Wyoming, where these serpents were most plentiful among the sage-brush. Going a short distance from my tent one evening, I was suddenly moved to make a most active leap by the baleful whirl of a rattler just beside me. Regaining my composure and returning to the charge with my revolver in my hand, I found that his snakeship had betaken himself to a gopher-hole, where I could hear a lulled crepitation. Stamping above the burrow caused the tune to assume a *crescendo* instantly, whereupon I sent down a long .032, to further wake up the musician. His rattling now was loud and rapid. I fired a second time, and the song accelerated until all rattling blended into a steady buzz. If I had hit him I hadn't killed him, it was evident, so a third ball and stream of fire was shot down the hole. Out of the report came a shrill, high-pitched humming, which told of swifter vibration than even the buzzing had showed. Surely a snake was never more excited since the world began! But speedily this became feeble, intermittent, and soon ceased altogether, so that I concluded my shots had finally reached him with fatal effect.

That the rattling of the crotali answers the purpose of a call, we know from the fact, recorded in many places, that other rattlesnakes quickly respond and hasten toward the one ringing his alarum. Moreover, in the latter part of the summer, the snakes sometimes make the sound loudly and long, when they have no apparent reason to be alarmed, but, by the argument from analogy, can reasonably be supposed to be calling the opposite sex. That the rattling of one serpent in captivity has an immediate effect

upon other crotali within hearing, is constantly observed; and in the cases where the young have been seen to run into the mouth of an old one for protection, they appear to have been summoned and informed of their danger by this signal. The instant the snake suspects danger it throws itself into the coil of vantage and sounds its long roll, varying the swiftness of the vibration and the consequent loudness of its note as its apprehensions increase or diminish. The noise itself may not be instinctively fear-inspiring, nor, perhaps, is the growling of a lion, but in each case experience has taught men and the large quadrupeds that that growl and this rattle mean not only a willingness to defend, but the certain ability to do deadly harm. This menacing message, clicked from the vibrating tail, has caused many a man to turn back and give the snake a chance to escape, and at the same time it has been a warning to all other crotali within hearing to prepare for battle or seek safety in flight.

Though man and his hogs\* are now the worst enemies of the rattlesnake, he has various others, principally colubrine serpents who delight in chasing and killing him. Of these the chief examples are the black-snake and blue-racer in the North, several far Western species, and the king-snake of the South. Leaping upon the fleeing and demoralized rattler, they seize his neck in their teeth and, quick as thought, wrap their folds about him with crushing power.

The king-snake enjoys protection at the South because of this championship, against the noxious rattler, in which, however, he is by no means alone. Pennant is authority for the statement, which I have no other proof of, that the land-tortoise "is an utter enemy to the rattlesnake; will seize it below the neck and by drawing its own head into its shell becomes invulnerable. The snake entwines about the tortoise, but is soon destroyed and left on the ground." There is a queer belief among some of the negroes, by the way, that if a snake is killed by the rattler, the black-snake rubs against the

body and brings it to life; hence that species is called the "doctor-snake."

However the crotalus may manœuvre to get his victims within reach, once there he has a weapon on whose certainty he has no fear of relying—the poisoned fangs in his opened jaws. The anatomy of the head and poison apparatus, and researches upon the venom of the rattlesnake, formed the subject of a long series of experiments, some years ago, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, which resulted in the publication of an elaborate memoir in the twelfth volume of the Smithsonian's Contributions to Knowledge. To this memoir further researches have recently added.

In repose and unmolested the snake sometimes lies at full length, sometimes twisted up; in confinement, where several are in the same cage, it is very fond of entangling itself with its fellows. The instant it is alarmed, however, it throws its body into the familiar coil, its tail protruding enough to admit of its vibration, the forward part of the body lying in short curves across the mass of coils and the head held three or four inches erect. In this position a sudden and violent contraction of the muscles upon the convexity of the curves near the neck dart the head forward, and are accompanied by a wonderful series of muscular operations resulting in the poisoned stroke. The mechanism of this action, the poison and its nature, and apparatus for its discharge are matters upon which I must not touch for lack of space to treat them properly. Dr. Mitchell's paper, alluded to above, discusses them thoroughly. Similarly the interesting pathological effects of the venom, which is a septic or putrefacient poison of astounding energy, must be omitted.

When one recalls how many of these venomous serpents have been secured alive, the question of how they are caught becomes one of some interest. The Indian method was to put a long forked stick over their necks and then noose them with a bit of thong. This is the ordinary fashion yet, and quite safe if you are careful. The circumstance that a big one once crawled out from under my blankets in a Rocky Mountain camping-place, when they were pulled aside in the morning, gave me an opportunity to

\* It is generally believed that the hog is safe from the poison of the rattlesnake. This is so only because his thick skin and layers of fat prevent the venom in the majority of cases from reaching his circulation. Swine are fond of flesh and greedily devour the snakes they are so quick to kill.



see a man seize a rattler by the tail and dislocate its head by a strong snap before the reptile had time to coil. Simpson relates that his taxidermist caught one by the back of the neck in Utah; and that coolest of men, Charles Waterton, could do this every time, as he showed in England to prove that he had not been romancing when he described his encounters with deadly serpents in South America. A box of twenty-seven living cro-tali had been sent to Leeds, and Waterton invited a large party of scientific friends to see him move them one by one to a glass case and back again. This he did (after cautioning the visitors neither to move or speak) by silently, slowly and quietly slipping his hand along the back of each snake till he could grasp him gently behind the head and softly lift him into the other box. He trusted for his immunity to the sluggish nature of the creatures and to the fact that their fears were never aroused.

Once in West Virginia I had brought to me a good-sized rattler that a woman had caught when berrying in the mountains. Two children were with her, and they suddenly disturbed four of the snakes. Remembering my advertisement for living reptiles, the family applied themselves to capturing the whole four, but only succeeding in getting this one unmaimed by pinning it to the ground with a forked stick. Then the problem arose, how to fasten and carry the creature. Having a long piece of twine and a tin collender with her, the woman made a slip-noose of the string and passed it up through one of the holes in the bottom of the vessel. Then, by the aid of a switch, the noose was looped over the triangular head of the captive and the collender (inverted) let fall upon him as the boy removed his prong. Mr. Snake at once coiled up in the round tin dish and began singing in his highest key, but the check-string through the bottom held his head down and thus ignominiously he was brought to my house. "I've packed the ornery critter a heap of a distance, 'n' I reckon I oughter have six bits," the woman said, and I cheerfully paid it.

It has already been asserted that the poisonous quality of the snake resides wholly in the fluid of the venom-gland. A wound from the other teeth does no harm, and the

Indians and some rural doctors of old days used the sharp little points as convenient and effective scarifiers when blood was to be let for medicinal or superstitious ends. No fang could ever be used safely for that purpose. The flesh, too, which is white and flaky like that of frogs, or the breast of birds, has often served as food, its forming a part of the aboriginal fare being noticed by the earliest writers. Josselyn tells us that the New England Indians "when weary with traveling," will take up rattlesnakes with their bare hands, "laying hold with one hand behind their head, with the other taking hold of their tail, and with their teeth tear off the skin of their backs, and feed upon them alive; which, they say, refresheth them." It is possible in this practice to see the doctrine of transmutation of qualities which led to cannibalism and operates throughout all the savage theory of life; but Charlevoix has no mysterious benefit in view beyond the satisfaction of hunger, when he says the Canadian Indians "chace it, and find its Flesh very good. I have even heard some Frenchmen who had tasted it, say that it was not bad eating; but they were travelers, and such People think everything good, because they are often hungry. But this at least certain, that it does no harm to those that eat it."

The worthy man need not have been so incredulous and sarcastic. To the darkies of the cotton States the flesh of the rattler is always edible. Only last year I was told by a gentleman in Alabama of two of his servants whom he caught bitterly disputing over a carcass of this reptile. "Why, Jake," said he to one of the negroes, "what's the use of a quarrel? You couldn't get more than fifty cents for it any way."

"Don' want 's hide," was Jake's reply. "Jim can hab dat. I wants his flesh to eat!"

Instances of this might be multiplied, but I leave them to say something about the place of the rattlesnake in popular pharmacy. Quoting Loskiel: "The flesh of the rattlesnake dried and boiled to a broth is said to be more nourishing than that of the viper and of service in consumptions. Their gall is likewise used as a medicine. . . . The skin usually shed by rattlesnakes is dried

and pounded fine by the Indians, who use it internally for many purposes." John Carver records that the Chippeways extracted splinters with the cast skin. "It is amazing," he exclaims, "to see the sudden efficacy of this application, notwithstanding there does not appear to be the least moisture remaining in it." Brickell, in his quaint "Natural History of North Carolina," also refers to this point. "These Snakes," he says, "cast their Skins every Year, and commonly remain near the Place where the old Skin lies. These cast Skins are frequently pulverized, and given with good success in Fevers, so is the Gall mixed with Clay, made up in Pills, and given in Pestilential Fevers and the Small Pox, for which it is accounted a noble Remedy and a great Arcanum, which only some few pretend to know, and to have had the first Knowledge and Experience of for many Years; so are the Rattles good to expedite the Birth, and no doubt but it has all those excellent Virtues that the Viper is endued with."

The use of rattles in parturition or for abortion seems to have been very wide-spread among our aborigines, extending into Mexico and far northward. A Dakota medicine-man explained it by saying that the child heard the rattle, and, supposing the snake was coming, made haste to get out of its way—a remarkable example of hereditary instinct! Europeans were not slow in accepting these Indian ideas of medicine, and have been still slower in giving them up.

I have heard within very modern days of rattlesnake oil prescribed as a febrifuge and for divers other ailments, while its value in rheumatism is regarded by few persons with doubt. The demand for it is shown by the fact that the serpents are often hunted systematically in order that quantities of their oil may be obtained. That was the object the men of Warren County, N. Y., had in killing the eleven hundred snakes, of which I spoke a few pages back. Every summer, to this day, citizens of Portland, Conn., go out to the Rattlesnake Ledges and catch the reptiles with gaff-hooks, the local druggists paying them four dollars an ounce for the oil, which finds ready sale. A prominent physician in Washington told me of a case within his knowledge where a man suffering

from an ulcer took a rattlesnake into his bed with the vague idea of somehow extracting the virulence of the sore. In some rural districts men wear the rattles in their hats as a remedy for headache; and I knew of a case in the Watauga Mountains of North Carolina, where a man who was far gone with consumption hung the body of a rattlesnake to dry and smoke in his chimney where he might nibble at it and get well. His faith was weak and he did not take the medicine; but a sickly boy began to pull the flesh from the skeleton and grew fat and sturdy before he had finished it. No red-skinned sorcerer's medicine-bag is complete without some fragment of this striking and half-sacred reptile in it; while negroes of the South who are sufficiently superstitious to wear charm-bags—as thousands do—regard the curious rattles as among the most precious of their amulets.

In view of these facts it is not strange that parts of the serpent should be regarded of value as a specific against the poison of its own bite. *Similia similibus curantur*—hair of the dog cures the bite—is a precious doctrine in the old pharmacopœia, and one handed down from savagery, I fancy. Thus, according to the Spanish historians, the Opatas, a Mexican race, took this plan when one of their people was bitten: Seizing the reptile's head between two sticks, the unfortunate Indian would stretch the creature out and bite it along the body; whereupon, as in Goldsmith's poem of the hero of Islington, the man recovers of the bite, the snake it is that dies. New England tribes prescribed a powder from the serpent's cast skin, the Delawares and Chippeways rubbed its fat into the wound, and the Pottawotomies kept the fang about them as a sure charm against the bite. As this article has been too short to discuss the effects of *Crotalus* venom upon the vital system, so it must omit the matter of antidotes further than to allude to the fact that many plants have been regarded as efficacious, the reason, apparently, being that something about them bore a fancied resemblance to a serpent (*e. g.*, the root of the black snakewood), which convinced the credulous old herbalists that the plant was manifestly designed by Providence for this purpose. In the West various

plants possess this distinction, and to some of them deers and bisons are said to resort for healing; but I disbelieve it, and notice that the Indians hold the snake in the greatest terror despite the herbs. The Nishinam of California, indeed, seek supernatural protection against bites during the ensuing season by a sportive ceremony that takes place every spring. Among the Pomo, another once powerful tribe of Northern California, an annual ceremony of the direst import was gone through with by the men on purpose to frighten and properly subjugate their women. The personation of devils and their doings was enacted in every way, and the whole affair wound up by a grand oration from the venerable peace-chief—a sort of high priest of the tribe—in which he brandished full in the faces of the squaws a rattlesnake held in his hand, while he threatened them with supernatural ills if they failed in chastity and obedience, until many of them fell in a swoon of terror.

This powerful effect is obtained through their religious notion of the transmigration of souls—a belief almost universal among our native Americans. Good Indians go at once to happiness, but the souls of bad Indians take up their abode in various animals of evil repute. In this baleful list snakes take a prominent place, and become “an object of superstitious belief and unfeigned terror, inasmuch as they consider them to be vivified by the souls of the impious dead, dispatched as special emissaries of the devil to work them evil.” To the Pomo squaw, therefore, the rattlesnake brandished before her eyes, under the hot denunciations of the orator, was not simply a suggestion of eternal punishment, like the smell of brimstone to a Puritan, but a visible incarnation of one of the foremost of those malevolent forces which the Indian supposed filled the world, existing only for his annoyance and turning his religion into demonology. This doctrine of “animism,” as it has been called, existed to a greater or less degree among all the aborigines, conferring upon every object in nature, and especially upon animals, spiritual qualities, or a *shade*, by which it was able to exert an influence upon humanity. The more powerful anything showed itself to inflict harm, the more awe and devotion it

required. Thus the dangerous currents of falls and whirlpools are supplicated and offered sacrifices, to propitiate the resident spirit animating the disturbed waters and contending with the canoe.

Among animals the whole class of serpents, for this and a variety of other reasons, came to take high rank in the long catalogue of spirits, and the rattlesnake, with his satanic face and terrible fangs, rose above all into a superior and distinct deity, which was held by some groups of Indian tribes in the greatest fear and veneration—nearly or quite synonymous terms in aboriginal theology. This was especially noticeable among that race whose home was in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes. In the Ojibway country a rattlesnake was never killed except under some stress of circumstances, when “it was accompanied by forms and ceremonies, and a sacrifice was left near the carcass.” Some Atlantic coast tribes made it a water-god—an easy suggestion from the sinuous, serpent-like course of a river. Of others it was the tribal token, *par exemple*, among the Snakes of Idaho, a division of the Shoshonee family. The wriggling attitudes of the snake helped the strong suggestiveness of its swiftly glancing forked tongue to erect it into an earthly symbol of lightning; and by the Shawnees thunder was described as the hissing of a great snake. Almost all the tribes had a mythical and gigantic thunder bird; and in most of the stories about it a serpent takes an accessory part, as held in its claws and seen in the lightning; as robbing its nest; as dwelling in volcanoes and other inaccessible homes of the thunder bird? and as otherwise performing mysterious and supernatural functions. The aboriginal Californians repeat legends of frightful serpents of the most exaggerated form and a world-consuming ferocity, now happily extinct, but liable to return to persecute or destroy all men; while a mythical snake of enormous proportions, and feeding upon human flesh, was one of the deities to whom the ancient Mexicans paid their most sanguinary rites. The religious ceremonies of the Moques, in which living crotali take part, are horrible to witness. In the Old World, as everybody knows, serpent-symbolism has been a part of Oriental reli-

gions, not excepting Judaism, since the world began.

I think investigation would show, in respect to the American rattlesnake, that the veneration of it was strongest and most grossly understood, in those regions where this serpent was less often seen, and hence more invested with mystery, than in an open country, like the Texas plains or the Utah basin, where it was far more plentiful and seen nearly every day. It is noteworthy, for example, that in the legends of the Kái-vav-vits, living at the head of the cañons of the Rio Colorado, where snakes are almost as plentiful as sage-brush, the rattler figures as one of the first and most powerful of the demigods from whom that race count their descent; and he is not regarded with the superstitious terror seen on Lake Superior

and elsewhere, but as a master of cunning and success. He does many wonderful things in the myths by virtue of his power of rendering himself invisible. Thus, when the migrating host of one of the stories were famishing, and an antelope was seen, Shin-aú-av, the Coyote, a greater man in popular estimation than To-gó-av, the Rattlesnake, proposed at once to go and kill it; "but To-gó-av demurred and said: 'It were better that I should go, for he will see you and run away. . . . but I can kill him, for I can go where he is, and he cannot see me.'" It is perfectly natural that the secretive habits and the almost invisible, imitative hue of this rock-hiding reptile should find such expression in a myth of which his doings form a part.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

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ABDICATED.

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So I step down and you step up,  
 Why not, why not?  
 I drained the draught, flung down the cup,  
 And you have got  
 The little place I once called mine,  
 And you will quaff  
 The wine I quaffed and call't fine—  
 It makes me laugh.  
 You'll get so weary of the thing  
 Before you're through,  
 The shows, the lies, the paltering  
 Of all the crew.  
 I wonder if somewhere beyond  
 This earthly track,  
 When we have slipped the fleshly bond,  
 We shan't look back  
 With just this kind of glad relief,  
 And laugh to find  
 That we have left the grind and grief  
 So far behind?

NORA PERRY.

## NATURE—POWER AND FORM.

Here in the splendor of thy life I bring  
Speech that is full of passion and of song,  
Soft as the odorous tremor of the spring,  
Or, like a gust of north-wind, sharp and strong :  
My speech is a devotion. Oh ! I sing  
With a true heart whose love shall be as long  
As years that drag me to my death. Thou art  
One form of all imperishable forms,  
One world of grace and color which impart  
Beauty to any life that summer warms.  
Thy voice is luted music to the heart,  
Or thrilling in thy stentor-throated storms.  
I love thy lofty mountains whence the sight  
Views earth and heaven as from an eagle's wing,  
While through the dusky spaces of the night  
The moon-glow shudders like a sentient thing,  
Or when the gray dawn pierces with its light  
The gloom whereunder men are slumbering.  
I love the deep-toned thunder of thy sea,  
The morning surge of its melodious waves,  
Which rise and fall and flow harmoniously—  
Or leap like loosened spirits from broken graves :  
I long to watch its motion, broad and free,  
And fierce as fire in subterranean caves.  
I love and fear thee when thy voice resounds  
Through the rent air with mad, tempestuous roar,  
When all thy passions overcome their bounds  
And, like malignant devils, whirl and soar—  
When one sublime, chaotic power surrounds  
A blackened waste of sky, and sea, and shore :  
For then I know that I am face to face  
With that vague force, immeasurably vast,  
Which sphered the stars from flame and hollow space,  
And quickened life within a formless past,  
Which fixed each sun and planet in its place  
And made man's image, like a god's, at last.  
But hark ! I hear the whispering fall of leaves,  
And fancy leads me to some woodland where  
I lie contented with a world that grieves  
For summer and its sweet, bird-haunted air :  
The golden, melancholy autumn weaves  
Into my dreams a vision, brightly fair.  
Oh ! thou art changeful, various as the soul—  
This weak and narrowed human soul of ours :  
Our grief is like thy shadows when they roll  
Over the earth and drown themselves in showers ;  
Our joy and love are radiant as the whole  
Of blue June skies and lands that droop with flowers.

G. E. MONTGOMERY.



## HER PRICE.

"DEATH ONLY CAN TAKE FROM A MAN HIS PRIDE OF SOUL."

"H AS the great man come yet?"

"You mean the great Russian, Ivan Petrovitch Orloff, the implacable enemy of freedom; the sworn friend of the oppressor?"

"Even he."

"Oh, he affects fashion, and turns up everywhere late."

"Does he know into what a hornet's nest he is coming? And why does our republican friend, Featherstone, have such people?"

"I don't know what he may have heard, I'm sure. As for Featherstone, perhaps he means to try a conversion. His wife is beautiful enough to convert any one."

'Bid me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be—'

That's her favorite song, you know."

The foregoing conversation took place between two young men, one night, near the end of May. They stood in the doorway of a crowded and brilliantly-lighted room. While they were yet talking, there was a commotion on the stairs, and a servant announced, with much evident satisfaction at having such a big mouthful to discharge—

"Ivan Petrovitch Orloff and Serge Accolaivitch Zenbrowsky."

It was the great statesman at last, with his private secretary. Orloff was a tall, slight man. He had a cold but very clearly cut face. He held himself proudly. About the corners of his pliant lips lurked a half-amused, half-disdainful smile. Hair and eyes were both light.

The private secretary, who received, of course, comparatively little attention, was by no means unworthy of it. He was more robust than his patron. His handsome face was strangely boyish for his age, which must have been fully thirty. His fine, warm brown eyes had a look of indolence in them—the look of one who had more dreamed about

living, in the large sense of the word, than actually lived. The mouth, with its full, pleasure-loving lips, was withal painfully weak. About Orloff there was no sign of weakness anywhere. His bearing was strong—there was strength in the resolute lips, strength in the lithe, well-shaped fingers. He looked like a man who had fought with Destiny, and who had conquered, and set his heel upon it. The news of the great man's arrival now ran from room to room. Those who stood near enough to hear, said that his voice had a singular charm. It was low and full, and somewhat slow in utterance. He spoke English well, but with a decidedly foreign accent.

When he beheld his hostess, he confessed that she was good to see. But, if the great man regarded her with favor, what shall be said of the great man's secretary? Her beauty stormed his heart, and he capitulated without a struggle. And what was this Mrs. Featherstone like, of whom men made so much talk? It must be said, she was an attractive woman to look at. She was about the average height, but with a superbly molded figure. Her low evening-dress revealed white, magnificent arms, tapering down to the exquisite blue-veined wrists—her glorious shoulders, and firm, white throat, against which any man, with blood, not water, in his veins, must have longed to press his lips. Her complexion was darkly clear, for she was of foreign origin—supposed by many to be Eastern, perhaps merely because her name was Zuleika,—her eyes were brilliant, full of rapid fire—the mouth small, red, sensitive—the hair of a blue-black hue, and very abundant. But what was more about her, than even her great beauty, was the sense of sex, which escaped from her like scent from a flower. This aroma, which can so intoxicate men, does not belong alone to beautiful women.

I have sometimes observed it in women most people would call plain. Mrs. Featherstone dressed well. She had a beautiful woman's love of sumptuous attire. As she stood there, using her fan as though she had been a Spanish woman—a diamond cross shining at her throat, it occurred to one of the young men, we have before mentioned, to whisper to his friend:

"So fair,  
She takes the breath of men away  
Who gaze upon her unaware."

To which the other assented. Then the fair woman beckoned to them and presented them to Orloff as countrymen of hers, much interested in everything Russian. Indeed, both the young men happened to have visited Russia, and managed to say some handsome things about it.

"You can boast a great novelist," remarked Walter Graves, the younger of the two men, he who had quoted Mrs. Browning.

"Turgénieff, I presume," answered the Russian. "Yes, a man of great powers. Yet, were mine the power to do so, I would suppress most of his books."

"What in the world would you do that for?" asked he known as Bob Blake, who, being very democratic indeed, had a manner which was literally no respecter of persons.

"Oh, simply because I consider their teachings often dangerous. Doubtless you think we have not enough freedom in Russia; but I tell you I know the Russian people, and we have too much."

"I suppose you think so," returned the other; "the Americans thought they knew their nation, and that the negroes were born to be slaves, as you think the Russians were born to be."

"You are quite correct. That is my opinion," said Orloff, imperturbably; and at that moment Mr. Featherstone brought up more people who desired to be introduced to the great man. Featherstone and Orloff were much of a height, but Featherstone had a finer figure. He would not have been called handsome except when he was under the influence of excitement, when a radiance seemed to come upon his face, and his eyes seemed like a soul on fire, and it is to be said that he was very often under the influence of strong excitement.

"He talks too much open republicanism,"

some of his more temperate friends would say. "The worst of Featherstone is that he shows his hand so; yet, with all his talk, he's really not an immoderate man—certainly not a nihilist, for he's dead against assassination or anything of that kind."

Serge Accolaivitch Zenbrowsky could do nothing but gaze at Mrs. Featherstone, while his heart beat fast. At length he said:

"You have many fine poets in England. I have been reading lately the works of Mr. Tennyson. They are charming."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Featherstone, in her low, twilight voice, "did you read them in English?"

"Yes, madam, I read them in English."

"Have you read much of our literature?"

"No, not so very much; not so much as I want to. Will you tell me what to read? Will you make me know your country? Will you civilize me? Will you make it a compact?"

Mrs. Featherstone's beauty had somewhat the effect of champagne upon Serge—it had gone to his brain. He was generally a silent, reserved man, but, as we see, his tongue had been loosened and he spoke to some purpose.

Mrs. Featherstone regarded him for a moment with a glance which seemed to be questioning what line of conduct she should pursue. Then she lowered her eyes and said:

"I don't think you need much civilizing, but I will tell you some books that you ought to read."

"Bah," he protested, "my English is shocking!"

"Well," she answered, with a smile, slow and sweet and subtle—it was one of her great charms—"your English perhaps might be better. See—I am at home every Tuesday, from four till seven, to receive my friends. If you like, you can come at three, when you have time to spare. No one ever really comes before five. We would read together for a couple of hours. One hour of English for you, one hour of Russian for me. You see, I demand an exchange."

Zenbrowsky flushed with pleasure as he said that that would be something to live for. This very to-morrow was Tuesday—was he to come then?"

"Yes—why not?" she answered. "The sooner we begin the better."

The next moment Orloff, whose practice it was to arrive late and leave early, came up, bade his hostess good-night, and the two Russians left the room together. As they went down the stairs they paused to listen to Mrs. Featherstone's magnificent voice. She was singing in superb fashion those glorious old words of Herrick:

TO ANTHEA,

WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING.

Bid me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be,  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as fond and free  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart I'll give to thee!

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay  
To honor thy decree,  
Or bid it languish quite away  
And't shall do so for thee!

Bid me to weep, and I will weep  
While I have eyes to see,  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair  
Under that cypress tree,  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me—  
And hast command of every part  
To live and die for thee.

Twenty minutes later beheld them in one of the Langham's most luxurious sitting-rooms, smoking their final cigarettes and drinking brandy and soda, which they found a grateful novelty.

"She's a nice-looking woman, that Mrs. Featherstone," said Ivan Orloff, casting his arms up above his head wearily.

"She is more than that," replied the secretary; "she is without exception the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"Bah," ejaculated the other, "you will not say so in ten years! But then you are an infant."

"I never again expect to see so beautiful a woman," replied the secretary, "nor do I desire to."

"Well, my friend, I am glad you are pleased. Do you know anything of these

people? You know more about this place than I do."

"I know next to nothing," answered Serge, emptying his glass, and throwing away the end of his cigarette. "I believe they hold advanced views."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" mused the other; "it's interesting to meet people who hold advanced views. Well, good-night; I'm tired."

A word or two must here be said concerning Ivan Orloff, who was at this time fifty-two years of age. There was no doubt about the man being hard and cruel, but he had a sense of justice, too. He would have used the knout freely, but he would never have inflicted great punishment for small offenses. Where the offense had been great, there great should be the punishment. All the influence he had in Russia, and that was large, he exerted in the cause of tyranny. He was an especially dangerous man, because he was a brave man. Even the most hardened assassin shrinks from taking the life of a man who, whatever his faults may be, is known to be no coward. Not many people had reason to love him. One man had, however, and that was Serge Zenbrowsky. His mother died when he was all but a baby. His father, who was an intimate friend of Orloff's, became reckless and dissipated a large fortune, and died when Serge was not much past eight. The boy seemed to have no relations, and Ivan Orloff, then a young man of thirty, beginning life on his own account, took the friendless boy to share his fortunes. Perhaps the fact that he, too, was an orphan, may have had something to do with this praiseworthy action. Later on was discovered another soft place in his heart. He fell in love with a beautiful young Russian lady—proposed and was accepted, and for a time all went well; but one day they quarreled over their political views. He spoke violently, and swore he would never ally himself with anyone who could hold such an opinion, which was—the right of free speech for all persons.

He left her house in a passion, and left St. Petersburg for a fortnight, at the end of which time his rage was greatly modified. He was a proud man, but he had grown suddenly most desperately hungry to eat hum-

ble pie. He might disagree with her opinions, but she had a right to them, and what might not argument do in time? He returned at once to St. Petersburg, meaning to ask forgiveness, but he was too late. They had hidden away forever that shining head which he had meant to lay upon his shoulder. He was partly answerable for her death, for she had but delicate health, and when she imagined herself cast off by Orloff, whom she adored, she broke down altogether, and in this weak state she fell an easy prey to a malignant low fever then much in the air. Thus ended Ivan Orloff's love-story. After that he never took particular notice of any woman, and became more conservative than ever. Doubtless he may have thought, in the gloomy recesses of his mind, "If it had not been for her opinions she might have been with me now."

Well, he educated Serge Accolaivitch Zenbrowsky. Things prospered with Ivan Orloff, and before long he was known as one of the richest men in Russia. Seeing that Serge Zenbrowsky somewhat chafed under his dependence, he appointed him, in his twentieth year, to the post of his private secretary, which he had held ever since to their mutual satisfaction. The work was abundant—although Orloff was not an exacting taskmaster—and the salary ample. I have said that there was a look in Serge Zenbrowsky's eyes, as if he had rather dreamed of life than lived, and this, in great measure, was true. From boyhood up he had been fond of poetry, and his life went by in day-dreams and castle-building till he became Orloff's secretary. He had less time then for dreaming, and that was a good thing for him. He had had many flirtations. The feelings produced by these he had imagined to be the grand passion, and in his heart of hearts he thought the grand passion a disappointment; but as he lay awake in the small hours following the night of which I have been writing, he knew that up till then he had never experienced it.

"Now," he thought, feverishly, "it has come in very earnest"—and so it had.

Mrs. Featherstone, the next day, received him in her own especial sitting-room, which was daintily furnished. As he followed the

servant up the broad staircase he heard her singing—

"Bid me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be,  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee."

Her voice was as beautiful as her face—a wonderful voice—a full-sustained contralto. If one could imagine such a thing as voices having color, one would have known there must be in it a note of deep crimson.

"You are very fond of that song," he said, when they had shaken hands.

"Yes, I am; but how did you know I was?"

"Because you sang it last night, and now sing it when you are alone."

"Did I sing it last night? I had quite forgotten doing so."

"My memory, madam, in such things, is better than yours."

"So it seems—but don't call me madam, if you wish to be made an Englishman. It's what shopmen say."

"Then what shall I call you?" he asked.

"Oh, if you like, you can say 'Mrs. Featherstone,' occasionally. Do you find the air too heavy with the scent of these roses? It's a little oppressive, yet I rather like it."

Serge avowed his complete happiness and contentment with everything.

"What shall we read, then?" she asked, leaning back in her low chair and contemplating absently the rings upon her fingers.

"That you are to decide."

"Am I? Well, then, it shall be Swinburne's 'Songs before Sunrise!'" and moving across the room to a book-case, she returned with the book in question.

"See," she said, seating herself, "I will first read the poem aloud, that you may enjoy the sound of it. Then you shall read it to me, for the purpose of receiving instruction."

The poem chosen by Mrs. Featherstone from that mighty and noble volume is one of the finest included therein. It was "Mater Triumphalis." She read those superb words, in which tyranny is so fervently denounced and freedom so extolled, her breath coming and going quickly as she did so, the color in her face deepening with her visible excitement, her eyes flashing, her sensitive lips quivering.

"Well," she said, when she had made an end, fixing her eyes full upon his face.

"You read it magnificently," he said, "but it is a wicked poem."

"Wicked to you," she answered, "because you love what is wicked. Listen to this word-picture of your own country." And she read from the wonderful "Eve of Revolution"—

"I set the trumpet to my lips and blow.  
The day is broken northward.  
Lands through all their lengths are loud with chains,  
Strange tyrannies and vast—  
Tribes frost-bound to their past—  
Waste where the wind's wings break,  
Displumed by day-long ache,  
And anguish of blind snows, and rack-blown rains,  
And ice that seals the white sea's lips,  
And ice whose monstrous weight crushed flat  
The sides of shrieking ships—"

"It is not true," he observed; "the land is no longer

'Loud through all its length with chains.'

I would we had some of the chains back. Had I my way every nihilist should suffer death for his belief. I would Ivan Orloff had even more influence at court than he has. But it will spread, it will spread!"

"Stop!" she cried, and her tone was imperious and her gesture one of command.

Zenbrowsky did stop, and looked as much alarmed as if he had done something very dreadful. She pressed her hand to her side as though she had been hurt. Then she remarked, more quietly:

"Your views are not my views. I thought you would have known that, and I fancied that, knowing it, you might have abstained from the free expression of yours. Shall we begin the lesson?"

"Not till you can say you have forgiven me," cried the unfortunate Serge, clasping his hands together.

"Your views I hope never to forgive, but I will try to forgive this expression of them. Only don't shock me again, because, as far I know myself, I am not, I think, a very forgiving woman."

Serge promised not to offend again, and the reading was resumed. When the clock struck four Mrs. Featherstone rose, and saying they must go to the drawing-room lest callers should come, she led the way thither, and there they read Russian poems till they were disturbed by the first caller, who hap-

pened to be Mr. Graves, who did not look too pleased at finding another man installed before him. Shortly after, Serge took his leave and Graves was alone with his idol, for his idol she was, though he knew his love was as hopeless as it was mad.

He was a painter, and it did him good just to come and bask in her beauty.

"I wonder you should have that fellow about," he remarked, as soon as the door had been shut upon "that fellow."

"Do you? Why?" she asked, settling the folds of her dress.

"Because," he replied, with some warmth, "I thought you were a lover of freedom. I never thought you would have had tyrants and the dependents of tyrants under your roof."

"No?" she answered, with provoking coolness. She could not help taking pleasure in teasing him.

"Do you mind telling me if you have changed your views since last night?"

"No; my views are the same as ever they were, but this half-savage Russian, with his odd English and his handsome face, amuses me. We have been reading English and Russian together this afternoon. I read him some things from 'Songs before Sunrise.' He got too excited, and I had to bring him to contrition."

The arrival of fresh guests put an end to the conversation.

Mrs. Featherstone was changing her dress for dinner, when her husband walked into her dressing-room, kissed, first, the bare white shoulder, then the small, sensitive mouth, and said:

"Well, darling, I must be off to the meeting. They have sent for me, so you will have to dine alone again."

"I shan't like that," she answered, "but I know you ought to go."

"Yes, I must go, for I am really the only man on the committee who knows how to speak at all about the redistribution of land. Some go too far, and others don't go far enough."

"Are you sure, dear, that you go far enough?"

"Yes. I think I am sufficiently advanced," he said, with a laugh.

"Have you written any more of your



'Despots and Slaves' to-day?' she inquired.

"No," he returned, "it goes on but slowly. However, I am not sure that the age is ripe for it yet."

"You are Ralph the cautious," she said, with the faintest suggestion of a sneer discernible in her voice and in the corners of her mouth.

"And you," he answered, good-humoredly overlooking the sneer, which had not escaped him, "are Zuleika the hot-blooded—by the by, did your Russian charmer come?"

"Oh, yes, he came."

"And did you succeed in showing him the error of his ways?"

"I could hardly do that in one afternoon, but I made him ashamed of himself once."

"Well, that was something. If I speak jestingly, God knows my heart is heavy for the wrongs of all down-trodden nations; and in the freest of countries, which I think ours is, what slaves the rich make of the poor. While thousands every year are left to die, like rats poisoned in their holes, because forsooth, this man has need of money to regale his friends with strawberries, when they are five shillings a dozen. We pay fabulous prices for green peas, and count wine cheap at three guineas a bottle, while children die for want of bread. But I must stay no longer. Keep up heart, and let us, at least, go on with the good work, and do all we can."

He kissed her once more, ran swiftly down stairs, and was driven to a hall at the east end of London, where a meeting of a decidedly revolutionary character was to be held. But we need not follow him except to say that Graves and Blake were both upon the platform. They both thought Mr. Featherstone's views were not extreme enough, especially Mr. Graves, who that night was absolutely rabid.

Before the week was out, Ivan Orloff, who prided himself on speedily becoming acquainted with the customs of the country he might be visiting, made his call of ceremony on the Featherstones. Politics were ignored, and no man, when he liked, could be more agreeable than Ivan. On this occa-

sion Mr. Featherstone was present, and he also made himself specially agreeable.

"There is something strangely dangerous about that man," said Mrs. Featherstone to her husband, as soon as they were alone.

"As dangerous as a deadly snake," he replied. "He has that strength of character which alone gives permanence to evil. It would be a blessing for his country were he to perish from off the face of the earth."

"Even so," she said, and became strangely thoughtful.

The month which followed passed like a dream to the secretary. Besides his unfailing weekly visit to Mrs. Featherstone, he called frequently on other days—and, in addition to these meetings, he met her often in society—at the opera, in crowded receptions, or at garden parties; and the more he saw her, the more deeply enamored did he become. Though he was happy it was in a feverish sort of way, which would not let him rest at night. He grew pale and haggard looking.

One night when Orloff and his secretary were strolling back to their hotel from a house where they had met Mrs. Featherstone, the former broke silence by saying:

"You are in a reverie, my friend."

The other started as though a ghost had spoken, and said:

"Yes; I was thinking about something rather earnestly."

"You have been thinking," replied Ivan Orloff, "of certain dark eyes and blue-black hair. You were thinking of Mrs. Featherstone."

"You are right," cried Serge Zenbrowsky, excitedly. "I deny nothing—I confess everything. I am horribly, horribly, *horribly* in love with her—"

"You were that the first night," replied Orloff. "It was never a secret to me, but I thought I would let you choose your own time for telling me. When a man is *really* in love, have a confidant he must, even though he should get laughed at."

"I know it," cried poor Serge. "I could keep silent no longer."

"I have found out all about these Featherstones," went on Orloff. "They are socialists: people who hound on the rabble, as men do dogs to attack some nobler animal."

They call themselves levelers of class distinctions, enemies of tyranny. I would I had them all under my sway for a little time"—and Orloff set his teeth.

"I knew all that the first Tuesday I went to call there," replied Serge.

"And still you can feel a passion for such a person?"

"I can. I feel hells and heavens of passion in me, and I can feel a blind adoration which, I believe, would make me do her will without questioning. There is more music to me in the least tone of her voice than in all the cadenced music of the world—more beauty in her face and figure than in all the pictures that ever were painted. When I don't see her for two days together I feel starved. Did you ever hear a woman get so much out of that little word 'yes' as she does?"

Serge was quite right. With a lover's quickness he had touched upon one of Mrs. Featherstone's peculiarities, which was the way she had of using the word "yes."

One Tuesday, when she and Serge were alone together, he said:

"May I come to-morrow to finish this book if you are disengaged? We are so near the end of it."

She gave him a swift look, and said rapidly under her breath—

"Yes."

"You are very good to let me see so much of you," he had said, and she had answered in a low tone of voice:

"I like you to come."

"You've no business to be in love with her, you know, speaking from a strictly moral standpoint," remarked Orloff. "You say the man treats you decently."

"He has taken to forcing his politics down my throat."

"Still you go to his house and appear his friend."

"Well, and if I do, whom does it hurt?"

"At present, no one except yourself. I wonder what the woman means? Of course she knows you are in love with her. Any rool could see that, and Mrs. Featherstone's not a fool."

Serge half feared, half wished that Mrs. Featherstone should know he was in love with her. If she did know it, it was clear that she was not offended, for her manner to

him was not cold. Indeed, she seemed to regard their friendship as something very special. However, he spoke not again till he and Orloff were within their apartments.

Then Orloff began pacing up and down, always with him a bad sign, and brought up sharply in front of Serge, who was lying back in a big chair smoking, a dazed, far-off look in his eyes, which Ivan's voice, raised considerably above its usual pitch, served to dispel.

"Well," he asked, "what are you going to do now?"

"Going to do about what?" answered the other.

"About the Featherstones, of course."

"Why, what in the world can I do, should I do, but go on loving her, and see all I can of her?"

"Well, and what will the end be?"

"I know not!"

"Now, look here," said Orloff, kindly, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder. "it is an old saying, that only Death can take from a man his pride of soul. If it goes no farther, what do you get but feverish unrest? Supposing it were to go farther, I know you well enough to know the hell of remorse in which you would be plunged. You have not the kind of spirit which can carry such an enterprise through without losing more than you gain. Then will you, with the bluest of blood in your veins, suffer yourself to be moved by a woman who would defame that blood, who would make the man who was your serf your equal?"

"What you say is true," responded Serge, "but you don't know how completely she has fascinated me. I burn with longing to be with her. She is my one thought by day, and when I sleep my one dream is of her. I hate myself for loving her, but all the same I do love her, and there is no way out of it."

"Only Death can take from a man his pride of soul," again quoted the other. Then he said:

"Serge, we are old friends, are we not?"

"Yes," groaned Serge. "Heaven knows we are. What should I have been without you?"

"That," answered Orloff, "is beside the question"—indeed he was too proud a man

to have striven to profit by any benefit he might have conferred, and he resumed :

"Without you—without a constant companion—I should have been dull and lonely ; but as friends, as father and son, we are in a way answerable to each other. By this bond, I conjure you, man, to make one last effort, and free yourself. Is there no pleasure in fighting, no fierce delight in bracing one's self for the contest, no glory in grappling with the foe, in vanquishing him, and setting your heel upon his prostrate neck ? For God's sake be a man, and not a love-sick boy. Say that you will make yourself a free man, and you will be free. Come, drink to your freedom—" and he filled a glass with fine Burgundy. Serge drained it feverishly, and then springing up, grasped his friend's hand, and said :

"Friend, father, I will do it ! I will be free. I will shiver this temptation as I shiver this glass," and he dashed the glass to pieces against the hearth.

"That is well," cried Orloff, wringing his hand warmly. "I knew it must be so in the end. I wish we could leave town at once ; but, as you know, we cannot for a month to come. You must refuse to go to any place where you are likely to meet her for the next month. Drink ; be as wild as you like, only keep out of this hell-set snare !"

"Have no fear," answered Serge, "I will not turn back."

There is always a certain amount of excitement attendant on the adoption of any new course of life, which, if the course be one to which we are disinclined, seems to inform us with a strength which is often misleading. I once heard a swell doctor remark (I use "swell" in the sense of his being a big man), that nothing so stimulated a man as to deprive him of *all* stimulants. The remark staid with me.

When Serge arose late the next morning, it was with the sense of having come to close quarters with his foe. His action was *not* to act. That was all. He had never overdrunk himself, but he had a good head, and took pleasure in the stimulating qualities of wines and spirits. Yet now, when it seemed to him that he most needed comfort of some kind or another, he forbore from

drinking at all, for a great fear was upon him that if he now turned in that direction for comfort he should soon be ruined, body and soul. The temptation to drink himself into a state of temporary forgetfulness had an awful fascination for him. Therefore, it must be resisted to the death. Through the long hot June day he lay listlessly on the sofa, forgetting even to smoke, and saying to himself over and over :

"Only Death can take from a man his pride of soul."

In the afternoon, Orloff, who had been to a fashionable breakfast, returned and compelled Serge to rouse himself, and the two drove to Richmond, dined well at the Star and Garter, and pretended to forget that they were due that day at the Featherstones.

The next day Serge wrote a brief note, saying he was so much occupied that he was afraid he should have to discontinue their arrangement for his coming on Tuesday afternoons, which had been to him so charming. Pressure of work combined with the hot weather had rather knocked him up, so that just now he was not going out at all. He didn't know when he should see her again, perhaps never (he could not forbear that little touch of sentiment), but he wanted her to think of him as always her friend,

SERGE ZENBROWSKY.

As soon as he had posted this letter the unhappy man began to wonder if he should have any answer to it. However, he was not kept long in suspense. The return post brought him a note in Mrs. Featherstone's small and exquisite handwriting. It was a charmingly expressed note.

She was very, *very* sorry to hear that their so pleasant meetings were to be discontinued. She had heard much of Russian pride, and hoped she had in no way sinned against etiquette. She hoped he was not really ill, hoped he would not work too hard, hoped he might be able to reconsider his decision. What did he mean by saying they might never meet again ? He was not going back to Russia yet ! And she thought they were real true friends. Some things which she had said to him about equal rights for all people, she prayed him not to forget ; and she was, as ever, his friend,

ZULEIKA.

When Serge had read the letter through, he tore it in pieces and cast the pieces into the fireplace. This was like striking his passion a blow on the head. For the moment he felt proud of himself. Where a love is sinful or unreturned, a savage delight can be afforded by destroying some gift or letter from the beloved one. But the reaction speedily follows—great heart-sickness for the carefully traced characters, much longing for the sheet over which she has leaned, which has been thought of by her, which has felt the touch of her sanctifying hand, the warmth of her breath.

"Yes," exclaimed Zenbrowsky, aloud, "I shall get over this!"

"Of course you will," said Orloff, who had just entered the room, "or you would not be the man I have taken you for. Last night I was at Vera Lapinski's, and they were asking after you, and there I met a girl worth fifty of your Mrs. Featherstone in looks, and, while I have disliked the woman, I said from the first that I thought *her* pretty. Vera Lapinski is at home on Thursdays. To-night is Thursday—so come."

"All right," responded Serge, "do with me as you will."

Vera Lapinski was a Russian lady of strong conservative predilections, and all Russians of her party in London held her in great respect. At her Thursday evenings you met chiefly Russians; sometimes there would be a very thin sprinkling of English and Americans. Vera lived in the pleasant suburb of St. John's Wood, and through the warm weather very enjoyable were these Thursday evenings, for the house boasted a really good garden, on which the drawing-room opened, and the guests, most of whom smoked, and many of whom were women, moved between the garden and the house, as the fancy took them. There were not many people in Vera's room when the two friends made their appearance on this particular evening.

Vera chided Serge for not having been before, and while they were yet talking and he protesting, Orloff came up and said:

"I want to present you to Nadeschda Sablina, her of whom I spoke to you."

The next moment he found himself face to face with an extremely beautiful Russian girl. She was dazzlingly fair. To look at her

was like looking at light. Her manner was bright and vivacious.

"Do you like London?" she asked, in a clear ringing voice.

"Yes," replied Serge, "I love London more than is good for me."

"How can that be?"

"Because it would be better for me to leave it."

"Why have you not been to Vera's before? Not to have been here is a kind of treason to your country."

"Lately I have been nowhere."

"But till lately?"

"Till lately I have been visiting only English houses."

"You have lost your susceptible heart to some fair Englishwoman, then. But come into the garden and tell me all about it."

"And pray what makes you think that I have a susceptible heart?" he asked, following her through the open French window into the clear, potent moonlight which made the garden, with its green recesses, look quite wonderful and mysterious.

"Oh," she answered, with a gay laugh, "I have heard all about you—like yourself, I have friends in St. Petersburg."

"They are wrong," he replied; "I never really loved till I loved this Englishwoman. English I say, but she is partly foreign."

"I was right, then; and you have lost your heart again. Oh, faithless, faithless!"

"Yes," answered Zenbrowsky, "faithless to loves that were no loves."

"And this," quoth she, "will pass and be accounted no love like the other."

"It may," he replied. "I wish you may be right. Will you light me a cigarette?" and she did so.

"Isn't it nice out here?" she asked; "but tell me more about your charmer."

"Don't," he answered, almost violently; "I could forget her just now, for a little, if you would let me."

"By all means. We will talk about something else, then. But first fetch me some fruit, please."

He did as she bade him, and they passed some time together, her talk running on like the flow of a bright shallow brooklet. People who passed in and out said that a most decided flirtation was being carried on

between Nadeschda and Serge. Was it a flirtation? Well, perhaps it was. Since he could not have the excitement of seeing Mrs. Featherstone, he now craved for any that might be thrown in his way, so he asked if he might call, and he hinted very plainly that she might perhaps save him; and she laughed, and said she did not think he had very much from which to be saved. At length her mother called from the house, so the talk came to a sudden end.

"Well," asked Orloff of Serge, as they walked away together, "is she not charming?"

"Some people might think so; I don't think so."

"I am not of that opinion," replied the other. "It is easy to see when a man is taken. Naturally, you do not like to own so quickly that the other love was not genuine—but see a little more of her. She is about the most dangerous woman I ever met."

Now, this last declaration was a good deal more than he really felt; but he knew human nature well enough to see that the most likely way to make a man in love with a woman is to persuade him that he cannot escape being so, the woman being one who would turn the head of any man.

For the next fortnight a brisk fire of letters was kept up between Serge and Nadeschda, and they met frequently at Vera Lapinski's and other houses, all of the same coterie. There was no doubt that for the moment she diverted him. He began to think she was falling in love with him, in very earnest, and that flattered his vanity. And she may have said to herself, what in Russian would have been equivalent to our "Many a heart is caught in the rebound."

It was the last of Vera's Thursdays, and the first Thursday in July—so near the end of the season. The rooms were not well filled. Nadeschda was to be late as she was to go to another party first. Certainly the evening was uninteresting without her. She would surely come soon, now. Yes; there was the hall-bell.

"There is Nadeschda," exclaimed Vera. "She had to be a little late to-night."

The door opened, and there entered a fat, good-natured-looking Englishwoman, and with her the proudly-beautiful Mrs. Feather-

stone. So great was the shock to Serge that he staggered in his walk. The room swam round with him. For a moment he thought he must fall, but with a great effort he controlled himself. He failed to answer questions spoken in his very ear. He saw the fat lady present Zuleika to Vera, whose acquaintance Mrs. Featherstone had so long wanted to make. Mrs. Featherstone had such a keen interest in all that concerned Russia. Vera assented graciously, and Zuleika came on to where Serge was standing, his eyes devouring her face and the superb figure, from which grace seemed to exhale, as perfume from a rose.

"Good-evening," she said, in her beautifully-modulated voice, which had among its various charms such a rapturous surprise of gentleness.

"Good-evening," he returned, taking her hand, and thrilling to do so.

After a little music and conversation, she asked quietly:

"Will you take me into the garden? It is so hot here. Besides, I've always heard so much about Vera's garden."

"Let us go," he rejoined, his heart beating stormily.

"Why have you not been to see me?" she asked, as they walked down a sequestered path, her dress whispering as she moved. Her tone was a little lower even than usual.

"Did I not write you why?" he answered, making a desperate attempt at courage.

"I know; but those were not your real reasons. Confess," she added, after a pause, in a tone of infinite and beseeching sweetness. "Let us sit here"—and they sat down very near each other, on a garden seat.

"I confess," he replied, "they were not my real reasons. Some day, perhaps, I may tell you what the real reasons were."

Did his hand first touch hers? or did her fingers of their own accord slide into his? Who shall say? For a minute they sat thus—then she drew her hand away, and said slowly, in a voice of strenuous sweetness:

"Are you coming to see me again?"

"I am coming to-morrow," with a wild, exultant laugh; "may I?"

"Yes."

They rose and continued their walk, but they were both silent. After a little while



Zuleika suggested that they should join the others, lest their absence should attract attention.

The first person to meet Serge's eye on their return to the room was Nadeschda. After finding Mrs. Featherstone a seat and seeing that she was likely to be well provided for, he crossed over to Nadeschda, whose beauty seemed to him wholly eclipsed by that of Mrs. Featherstone.

"Who was that woman you brought in with you just now from the garden?"

She looked flushed, and was fanning herself.

"That is the beautiful Mrs. Featherstone. Have you never heard of her?"

"Never. Are you coming to-morrow to play lawn-tennis with me?"

Much to the young lady's surprise, he excused himself, and as soon as he could do so with courtesy, left her to join one of a group clustered about Mrs. Featherstone. She certainly was the excitement of the evening, but all too soon the fat lady broke through the circle, saying their carriage was waiting. Serge saw the ladies to the carriage. As he handed Zuleika in, she said, simply and gravely to him:

"To-morrow at four, then?"

"To-morrow at four," he echoed, and in another moment the carriage lights were out of sight. He stood for a few minutes like one in a trance. The events of the evening seemed to him so wonderful and unexpected. How could he endure to stop and talk to Nadeschda? He hastened up the sweet-smelling strips of garden which lay in front of the house, regained the room, took leave of his hostess, said a few hurried words to Nadeschda, and, like a prisoner freed, dashed into the open air.

He had gone but a short distance, when he caught the fragrance of an unusually good cigar, heard a step behind him—well known—quick and light, then his name was pronounced, and Ivan Orloff came up with him. He had been so occupied with the wonder and mercy of seeing Mrs. Featherstone, that he had forgotten, for the moment, the fact of his friend's existence.

"You left suddenly, my friend," began Orloff, "what, and not smoking! you must be preoccupied indeed."

"I have reason to be preoccupied," answered the other, in a voice which was at once far-off and triumphant.

"Well," replied Orloff, "the memory of unattainable women is rather cold food, I should think, for a heart as hungry for excitement as, I know, yours is."

Serge turned round and faced his friend, who perceived on his countenance a look not good to see—a look of furious, mad determination, the look of a dangerous man at bay, the look of a man who would go through hell to possess himself of the object of his passion. As I have said there was no vestige of the coward in Orloff, and he regarded his young friend with the utmost *sang-froid*, but with the look of one who is mildly interested. Serge's lips moved once or twice before he could speak, then his words came distinctly, and in his voice was a white heat of passion:

"Orloff, I owe you a debt of gratitude for your protection of me when I was a boy. For the rest, I have worked hardly and faithfully; and because of one generous act done, I will not give myself to you, body and soul. Whatever happens between me and the woman I love—whichever way it is—it is not likely that you will know. Being a free man, not, thank God, a down-trodden, degraded, wronged, helpless serf, who should have equal right with us, I am bound by no law to tell you anything of what my intentions in this matter are. But because you *have* befriended me, I will not conceal my actions from you. I am going to see Mrs. Featherstone, whatever comes of it. I will see this matter out to the end. Do you understand me?"

"I understand you perfectly," Orloff replied, with absolute composure. There were reasons besides a real affection for Serge which made him reluctant to come to an open quarrel. Moreover, he believed strongly in his own personal influence attaining in the end the ascendancy over any nature on which he might will to exercise it. So he went on gravely, but less severely than Serge had expected.

"You are quite correct when you say I have no right to control your actions. I have none. As one who is interested in you I shall not even try at the present moment to stimulate you to be your highest

self. For you are more drunk with passion than ever man was with wine. I believe that this fit will pass, and that you will come back to your old high ideas, your old grand beliefs; and that you will on that glorious day of self-restoration shrink from yourself of to-night as I should shrink from you if I believed this self to be really you."

"It *is* myself in bitter earnest," said the other in a gloomy but somewhat modified tone.

"I have good hope for you yet," said Orloff, adding in his low, musical voice, "Death only can take from a man his pride of soul."

"Passion will do it, too," said Serge. The rest of the walk home was a silent one. The crisis had been reached, and each had resolved on his own course of action.

Orloff's action for the present consisted in waiting.

At the hour of this conversation, Ralph Featherstone sat in his study, immersed in work, a perplexed, worried look upon his face. He was surrounded with a litter of papers, to which he constantly referred. Occasionally he took up his pen and wrote, and then would pause, buried in thought. As the clock struck one the door opened softly. He looked up well pleased to see it was his wife, who came over and stood beside him. She placed one hand on his shoulder, while the other passed over his hair.

"I am glad to see you, my darling," he said, as she leaned down and kissed him.

"Did you meet the Russian?"

"I did."

"And is the feud made up?"

"It is—if feud it ever was; but I think our first impression was correct—that Orloff thought we were tampering with his beloved secretary. He could not long remain in ignorance of the kind of people we were."

"Well," remarked Ralph, with a smile, "now that we have Zenbrowsky back, I hope that we shall be able to tamper with him to some purpose. A rebel, made so by conversion, is always more ardent than one who has not undergone this process. I wish, in the same way, we could tamper with Orloff; but that, I fear, is past even *your* skill."

"I fear so, too. What is past yours may well be past mine."

"You are a beautiful and charming woman, and that is half the battle. Would we could have got hold of Orloff, for he just now means the real curse under which his country groans. I tell you, things cannot last long like this, and though I hate bloodshed as much as any man, I find a bitter comfort on looking forward to the time when the voices of the stricken and down-trodden nations shall be heard all over the world, and the cry shall be war, vengeance and death to the tyrants who have so long ruled over us. I fear the sins of tyrants *can* only be expiated by blood. Yet it is this that I labor to prevent."

"You labor vainly," was her answer. "Of what church was it written in the Book of Revelations, 'I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot.' I would thou wert cold or hot."

"I am sorry you should add to my other troubles, dear, by misunderstanding me," he answered, gently, but withal wearily.

"Forgive me," she said, kissing him again; "I only meant that I thought you were too humane. How did the meeting go off; and do you think we shall get a Liberal Ministry?"

"I hope so; but the Conservatives are strong. We shall have a hand-to-hand fight of it when the time comes. See, while you have been away, I have written these six addresses to be delivered in different parts of the country. Then this pamphlet which I have finished, called "What the Conservatives Want," I think will spike some of their guns."

"Surely it will," answered Mrs. Featherstone, her eyes brightening; but work no more now."

"No; I will work no more now. Tell me about the evening—how you liked it, and who was there."

The next afternoon, just as the clock struck four, Serge presented himself at the Featherstones' street-door. Outside, the streets were full of dust and glare, but on entering the house you found yourself in a heaven of shade. The green blinds to all the windows were lowered, while great vases of flowers stood in the hall at not infrequent

intervals. As he passed up the stairs, the sound of Mrs. Featherstone's voice came to meet him. She was singing her favorite song—

"Bid me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be;  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee."

"You were singing that song the first afternoon I came to see you," he said, when they were both seated upon a low couch.

"Was I? What a memory you must have."

"Only for some things."

"Thanks; I am glad my singing pleases you."

"There is nothing about you," he answered, with suppressed passion, "which does not charm me."

"Let us read something," she said; and, rising, she fetched a book. They read in low tones, sitting very close together, so as to be able to look at the book at the same time.

Outside, the burning summer-day went by, and people attended, as well as they could, to their various occupations, whether of business or pleasure. But these two thought not of them. The little air that came in at the open window was ardent with the sun, whose light came only faintly through the green blinds; the room was fragrant with flowers, and there was something drowsy in the sound of the flies as they buzzed in and out. At length Mrs. Featherstone laid down the book and said:

"How quiet it is?"

"Almost as quiet," said Serge, "as it is hot."

"I don't think we will read any more to-day," she said languidly; "my head aches."

"Then I should do better to go."

"Why go?"

"Because I shall tire you if I stay."

"Not at all. After you have been away so long I like—" Then, after a pause, "I like to have you here. But I must not keep you against your will, after having made you come."

"Don't speak like that," he burst out, "when just to sit in the same room and look at you, though you should not speak a word, would be more happiness than I or any other man can deserve."

"Don't be foolish," she said, almost pitifully, as if she were grieved, but in too much pain to protest. Then she took his hand and leaned her head into it, saying it was so cool, and her forehead burned so.

"Does the coolness of it really soothe the pain?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, but very sadly, and then there was silence between them.

Serge's blood had become electric. There were sparks of fire in his eyes—a mighty struggle was going on within him. Mrs. Featherstone was sitting with her forehead bowed in his hand—her delicate white dress, from which a subtle fragrance escaped, touched him. He could not see her eyes, but he saw the wonderful dark abundant hair. His lips were very near it. They yearned with a great yearning to touch it—but dare they? Should he lose her friendship thereby? He laid his disengaged hand on the soft folds—she did not withdraw. Then his lips approached nearer—at last they imprinted a kiss on the superb dark masses.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

[To be concluded in August number.]

## THE BLUSH.

Wine-shadow on the beaker's gold,  
Timidity that would be bold;  
The vermeil answer of surprise,  
Confessing what it stout denies;

Consummate genius of the heart,  
With artlessness surpassing art;  
Sweet truant of their tenderness  
When maids resist and men caress.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

## A NATIONAL NEED AND ITS BUSINESS SUPPLY.

DURING the fifteen years ended December 31, 1882, five and a half millions of immigrants arrived in the United States, or an average of 366,000 per annum. For the last three fiscal years ended June 30, 1882, of the time considered, the average annual immigration was nearly 620,000.

These figures are large, and yet they represent only the number of *individuals* that cross from the Eastern hemisphere to the Western. The money capital they bring is small relatively; the amount of muscle is large. The material and moral seeds they are to sow will be to a degree ignorantly planted in unsuitable soils and climates, and a proportion of tares must be expected to come up.

Another wave of the great tide of migration that sweeps westward over the world rises in our own East. Its statistics are not recorded. The number of its individual elements is probably smaller than that of the foreign wave, but its work is immediate, more intelligent, and in every way more effectual for the development of our resources without after-rebuilding, particularly on the outposts of civilization, where the leaders should be, as they are, largely, Americans. This wave carries with it and draws in its wake an amount of money much larger than that which crosses the seas to us in the hands of European emigrants, and its enterprise, born of freedom, achieves better results with less cost to the nation. It has no pauper class; its impulses and aims are native. There is no delay of quarantine.

These movements of immigration coming into and advancing over the United States to occupy and develop free wild lands and unearthened treasures, or to utilize what have been overlooked and neglected in the race for distant prizes, or to advance the sure industries and husbandries which must follow all pioneerings that succeed; these forms of immigration are appreciable, and yet they are but fractions of the great integer whose other parts, exceeding in value the aggregate

of the tangible quantities designated, are difficult to realize or estimate.

We may, however, imagine some of the agencies more potent than the human waves, in the numerous associations of capital abroad and of the surplus accumulations of our Eastern cities that are seeking profit from the most adventurous railway schemes; from thousands of mines whose names are as romantic as are too often their dividends; from wheat crops on what the geographies yet entitle "arid regions;" from colonies sometimes philanthropized by speculators; from cattle-raising on our Western plains, in which latter investments England has put since the midsummer of 1882—so London financial journals say—nearly \$21,000,000, and in which, as we believe, on authoritative basis, our own Eastern capitalists have laid out as much more money in the same time. Again; in this problem of migration so important to the lands it flows from and of immense results to the United States, its destination, we are to take into account not only the number of individuals who embark bodily on the current, nor the money capital expended, but we are also to give thought to the moral, social and political quantities involved. And in these latter there are as great consequences to us as in the sum of two other factors.

In the great tide westward, whose most evident lines are those just glanced at, are combined interests that should command world-wide attention; interests which are of vast immediate importance, and, first to this country whose future depends upon how its immigration—especially that part in the advance over new or untried areas—is conducted; how it is instructed in advance; protected on the way, and distributed on arrival; that the conduct of our immigration shall have one mastering principle—the conscience within ruling all action—to protect the immigrant, be that immigrant man, money, or idea. For in proportion to the wisdom and righteousness with which

the investment is made will be the profit and stability of the resources to be developed.

As we cannot conceive the full import of the tide of migration by numbering its waves and measuring their heights, but must know the causes that excite and invite them as well as the character of the shores and soils they are to flood, so we cannot direct or profit any one of its elements until we provide for the economy of the whole. As it is, we have done nothing to improve or control this mightiest feeder of our development. What little we may have attempted has been in but one line, that of "poor" immigrants—having some care for their welfare on the way and for their reception and temporary protection on arrival. There are commissioners to oversee these matters, and the material statistics of the subject thus limited, are collected and published by the Treasury Department. Further than this—in behalf of the emigration of Great Britain, but still for the one class only of emigrants—Mr. G. J. Holyoake, with certain authority from English officials, but entirely at his own expense, I believe, has labored for several years to aid the exodus on the farther side of the Atlantic, and to awaken Canada and the United States to the necessity of furnishing trustworthy information and guidance to the thousands coming into their land of Canaan.

Lately, in a letter to the *London Times*, Mr. Holyoake wrote: "A short time ago Lord Derby said that emigration should be promoted and that it was worth while to devote millions to that end. Those who think so—and they are a majority of all who have given attention to the subject—will be of opinion that it is desirable that emigrants should know where they can wisely go to. Yet, excepting New Zealand, no country having a future to offer to emigrants has ever given them authentic information of the whole of the territories to choose among. . . . Mainly it has been left to the intermittent, partial and exaggerating pens of railway companies, land owners and land agents to attract settlers. . . . What is wanted, therefore, is that the governments of the United States and Canada should issue a comprehensive emigrant guide-book."

Mr. Holyoake proceeds to give a brief account of his visits to Ottawa and Washington to urge the usefulness of action to supply the guide-book. "Mr. Frelinghuysen took a practical view of the question. Since my return to England I have had the honor to receive from President Arthur a letter in which he informs me that he will give attention to the proposal. . . . To-day I have received a proof of the first sheet of the Canadian Guide-Book for Emigrants." He closes—"It is amazing that England should send out millions of her sons to 'fight the wilderness' in America and Canada, and never give attention to *emigrant education at home*."

The italics are not Mr. Holyoake's, but are here intended to emphasize the necessity of instructing emigrants not only in their pilgrimage, but also of informing their leaders and advisers in the primary knowledge of the important work, so hurtful when misunderstood. It is an education which, in great part, can come to the actual emigrants only through their superiors, who, with opportunity and intelligence to receive and digest the principles and facts that should be but are not at command, could then convey instruction pertinent to individual needs and ability.

Here appears one of many objections to the guide-book project, particularly to its practical use in the line of that numerous class—"poor emigrants." For if, as we here contend, the preliminary education that should precede all emigration cannot, as a rule, come direct to the individuals, but must be adapted and administered in doses suited to the many diverse cases, then, certainly the guide-book, with its necessary great bulk, or in a score of volumes, if it were to cover the habitable area of either Canada or the United States, would be, with lifeless, unindividualized text, the very confusion of perplexities to the working emigrant, into whose hands (and he would need many) you might as well put "Hayden's Surveys," or the publications of the Department of Agriculture. The emigrant class needs shepherds, not a lexicography.

The guide-book, unless Mr. Holyoake conceives some publication very different from our association with that title, will certainly



not satisfy the requirements of students, nor will it meet the practical wants of actual emigrants. It can no more equip an emigrant in search of his proper place in the new country than can Jomini's or Machiavelli's "Art of War" prepare a soldier for battle. A guide-book is the *vade mecum* of some pleasure tourists, but its plan cannot be adapted to conduct emigrants to the havens where they *should* be.

Another objection to Mr. Holyoake's plan is that the guide-book is to be prepared by government; this not because of the fact that the cost to government would be much greater than there is necessity for, but because the government's execution of work properly within the especial practice of any line of trade proper, is ever a performance that would shame a first-class business house.

Where the meshes of red-tape entangle, where "patronage" appoints clerks, where one division makes contracts and another division pays or does not pay for their execution, where wages are mean, where capital depends more or less upon legislation and often does not exist when the work is undertaken, where several heads misdo what one organizes, and each head must depend upon the hands of other bodies to perform—where, in fine, a heterogeneous machinery naturally creates great friction, the results must be extravagant, delayed and impartially accomplished.

The census of 1880 is an apposite instance. Splendidly conceived and organized, valuable as its results will prove, its execution has been one long series of balks. Properly responsible authors have been constantly crippled, and the good fruits, coming after their due season, are marred or withheld because legislative parsimony refuses to market what the country has paid to grow and gather. Government only could handle a census, which is beyond the authority of business enterprise, but an emigrant guide-book or the very much more and better which can and should be undertaken to administer all the lines of inter-continental migration upon which much of our trade and the effectiveness of our national polity depend, had better be managed without government control. Free of that control, the private—pri-

vate only in contradistinction to political—administration has right in fee-simple to all the capital of information possessed or to be acquired by government in its libraries, institutes, departments, surveys, or elsewhere. That capital and its continuous enlargement by extended and exact researches of the private administration to complement the government's accumulation, can, through business skill and enterprise, be made available—put into common circulation—as the government's wealth of this kind never has been, so that the public, as well as students, can conveniently consult its amassments, or can have them administered according to special needs. Business enterprise, I argue, could and should with profit to itself so manufacture into coin and bread the ore and flour now stored away in the Capitol that they on the highways or at a distance may be fully and readily supplied.

The only plausible reason to favor a governmental rather than a private execution of the great business project here submitted for the consideration of ability and capital nobly ambitious, is that a national bureau exerts a prestige and insures a confidence that the public deny to any association of private individuals. If human nature does so love the imposture of official virtue and will so misunderstand itself before the experience of government system which, because of its principle of party "spoils," cannot make competency and integrity the sole lists of appointment to service; then the private enterprise must first command conditional credence by the esteemed reputation of its members. And certainly we have outside of government engagement and in the very lines of the researches required, a body of scientific investigators whose expert abilities are universally recognized and whose individual characters are beyond suspicion.

It may be unnecessary to add that a sagacious first-class business can afford to pay more for chief service than government will, whose leakage from the bung must be made up at the faucet. The six dollars per day and traveling expenses that were allowed the special agents of the census could not have permanently secured Clarence King, Professors Brewer, Pumpelly, Sargent, Goode, Hilgard, Trowbridge, and others, nor could

that pay have enlisted them partially—that is, as it was, without the resignation of their other more profitable incumbencies—had not their public spirit and the personal influence of General Walker, the Superintendent, won them to the task.

Within the last decade, many attempts have been made to foster emigration—principally our own. The early efforts, from 1873–1878, were incited by the hard times. Depression in trade and dearth of employment made necessary a movement to redistribute labor—to transport its surplus from the trade and manufacture of the thickly-populated East to the wide undeveloped fields West and South. The general purposes were: to induce emigration, to associate its individuals, to protect them against the wiles of States, railroad companies and land agents—all with paradises to populate—to disseminate correct information of the opportunities open to enterprise, and to interest capital to invest itself in the resources that transplanted labor was to develop. Of the various efforts there may be mentioned that of the Social Science Association, the Boston Board of Aid to Land Ownership, and an organization in New York under the patronage of the Rev. R. Heber Newton, the Hon. Courtlandt Parker, and Mr. Seligman, the banker. Of the first and the last, as they were philanthropic animations without practical machinery, their usefulness was but a spasm. Of the second, there may be briefly recorded that the Boston parentage was on one side benevolent, and that an offspring born in England settled in East Tennessee under the name of the Thomas Hughes Colony. Accounts differ concerning the child's character and career.

Since 1878, though our Eastern States have furnished employment for their people, the European emigration has nearly doubled its average annual number for the ten years before that date, and capital on both sides of the Atlantic is eager to sow wherever the irrigating tide fertilizes. And yet no adequate effectual action has been begun by which to assist emigration whether of man or money, to publish comprehensively and in just proportion the diverse opportunities of our vast new resources, to do both with a conscience for the progressive welfare of our country,

and finally to do all on the principles of sound business—*i. e.*, with profit to promoters and promoted. The philanthropic heart insures gain to itself and others when it works with business head and hands; not otherwise.

In 1879 the New York *Evening Post* published a course of fourteen articles, entitled "The Romance and Reality of Pastoral Projects," by the writer of the present paper, who, after giving his personal experiences of Western emigration, submitted the idea that a wealthy and respected publication, having as partners a bureau of information in the principal port of the United States, with a staff of active agents in the field continuously amending and adding to a stock capital, elsewhere in this article enumerated, of exactly systematized materials, and executing special researches as required, should be able, with profit to itself, to instruct and conduct all migration affecting this country and those between which it courses. That idea and the experiences related, as they comprised a line of the approaching census work, induced the appointment of their narrator to the charge of one of the government's special industrial investigations. Three years' engagement in that conduct furnished peculiar facilities for the study of the means and fields with which the suggested plan would have in large measure to act. The conception thus matured to a somewhat determinate or regular form, with its details definitely arranged, having won the interest of a score or more of our most intelligent, public-spirited men to whom private convenience has permitted it to be submitted, this would seem the ripe time and this the most favorable opportunity for briefly presenting the character of the proposal to the thinking public. Already in what is here written this has been done in part, but there may be added some few pertinent particulars, after citing two very significant examples of the demand for action:

- 1st. The boldly conceived and ably prosecuted scheme organized in the land department of the transcontinental survey of the Northern Pacific Railroad. That work, when its results are published and the subsequent machinery put in motion, must induce a great immigration into the immense area.

tributary to the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad—an area stated in the first annual report of the director of the survey, Prof. Raphael Pumpelly, to cover about one-fifth of the extent of the United States. But it is to be remembered that this immigration is not invited nor is it to be distributed with first intention for the interest of immigrants, and the published inducements of the railroad company, however trustworthy they may be in themselves, are necessarily partial, in so much as they set forth the advantages of one section only of our country. For these reasons, the wisdom and advanced enterprise of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company do not favor emigration as a whole, nor can they conduce primarily to the surest progress of our country at large, unless the two ends are foremost to be sought in that cold belt of territory north of 44° latitude and west of 95° longitude. 2d. A petition for the signatures of the "citizens of the several States of this Union" was prepared last fall for presentation to the President before his December message, but was not acted upon because, in the words of its author, Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, it was "found after it had been prepared that a national survey"—the first subject of the petition having particular regard to the Appalachian chain of mountains south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers—"had been to such an extent established as to make any further interference of doubtful expediency." To that subject and another the heading of the petition referred to thus: "Subjects which may be of paramount importance to the whole country."

The second matter was expressed in these words: "We ask you to call the attention of Congress to the necessity of establishing a bureau in the Department of the Interior, with branches in each of the principal ports of this country, for giving information to immigrants in regard to the soil, climate, resources and conditions of industry of the several sections of our common country. The great industrial army now landing upon our shores may be said to have no organization and few leaders; and while some of its members come with a distinct plan and with their destination chosen in advance, yet more are without definite purpose, and they have

as yet no strictly impartial bureau to which they may apply for the information which they so much need. If such a bureau should be established, the new South may share with the North and West in its great benefits," and so on. When, later, Mr. Atkins on gave attention to the project first suggested in 1879, and now introduced anew and more comprehensively, he wrote, December, 1882, to its author: "How closely my mind has run with yours in the one direction will be witnessed by the inclosed document," which was a printed copy of the petition; and again, "I fully admit that a private bureau, indorsed by government, would be vastly better than a government bureau."

The compacted reason for such a business undertaking is to advance the relations between the emigration of peoples and capital, and the lands and industries needing them in the West and South. Its clients on one side will be the interests of emigration—both in and before the act. On the other side, they will be the young giant resources of our unoccupied and sparsely occupied lands—railroading, mining (precious metals may wisely be excepted), stock-raising, wheat-farming, lumbering, agriculture proper, manufacturing, and so on. It is to be the "middleman" between the mightiest classes of supply and demand in the world.

For the success of the enterprise, for profit to all concerned, its *morale* must be high, of course, just as the core of good fruit must be sound; it must have an inner aim beyond business profession for the rights and truth of the many and the future—that is to say, that the business conduct must be not only able and honest, but also judicial, its action being in great extent that of a jury or trustee, to decide rather than to advocate. Beside this vital principle and the motive power of money, the business will command, as it easily may, the accrued and accruing capital of the government's records of our national resources. A library in duplicate of all government investigations, economic, industrial and scientific, now possessed or as they come into possession; the publications of the Department of the Interior, especially of the census office; of the Treasury; of the engineer's office of the War Department; of our surveys, geological and others; of the

Smithsonian Institute, Department of Agriculture, Indian Bureau, Land Commission, and so forth. It must also hold State, territory and county maps and surveys, and private reports and publications; all others than those endorsed by government to be sieved down to facts. And this encyclopædical capital must be conveniently housed in the principal immigrant port of our country, and there be so compiled and so arranged by State boundaries and inter-limits, and according to industries, and so systematized for personal reference, or to be dispensed by correspondence, that we shall have, in the combined form of an industrial library and emigration information office, a bureau, of which the most evident purposes only are now instanced. There would be the headquarters of the executive action of the business, to conduct charges intrusted to it, to move required action in particular lines, and to direct its special field-agents in their work of gathering new facts or revising statistics as the factors change. Thence would issue communication with agencies or branch offices in other principal ports and with foreign applications that now come begging by the thousand of all our prominent men known abroad, and who are supposed to have time and ability and to be willing to assume the responsibility to satisfy the diverse inquiries.

The minor but still more numerous demands of individuals, from the laboring class to men of fortune, who would verify the representations that are constantly inviting their persons or their surplus money, may be imagined to constitute a not insignificant portion of the everyday line of business in the bureau. Beyond these applications that—as any one at all acquainted with the current of the times knows—now go unanswered or answered at comparatively large cost of actual loss or of risks and waiting, would not all the emigration projects of the old world looking westward—colonies with special purposes, associations of farmers or mechanics, philanthropic societies, companies of capitalists, and the like, would not all those, beside individual and associated efforts of like character in our own East, come to the bureau for information and direction?

Let us now look at the other arm of the

service suggested, viz., the publication of a journal or magazine—monthly perhaps. It would be in main an industrial gazetteer exactly presenting our resources in their progress, especially the pioneer interests that invite immigration, and the statistics of all our trade that can be tabulated from month to month; immigration, imports and exports, increase of herds and flocks, production of crops, growth of railroads, values of land, coal, iron, steel, grain, rates of wages, and so on, the alignments of the combined march, as our industries and the utilization of them advance. Beside which it would record how immigration disperses, distributing itself according to varying circumstances and thus indicating the promises peculiar to one section and another. It would chronicle the history of colonizations and the lessons of failure or success as they are learned. It would treat of education, government, taxes, churches, climate, and so forth, in the new countries. It would present the explorations and pioneering of Western progress, and the changes wrought as the neglected places of the South are populated anew. In this publication, the romance of early adventure might well be rescued before the business rush of the present has swept it into oblivion. The archæology of the Southwest should find place too, and the new findings of science in the small areas yet unexplored need popular recounting. In such pages we should be able to study the tendencies of American life in its phenomenal growth under the many novel and dangerous circumstances incident to strange elements in untried situations of adversity or fortune; and the relations between capital and labor, which, mistaken, misdirected or misused in our luxuriant soil, lead to communism and kindred evils. There is a fine and strong literature in this community of subjects so various in character, so united in national issue. It has practical and speculative interest. The facts are but inert particles until art unites and brings them to life. Clay they are, to be modeled to some great expression.

As yet neither the statistics nor the literature that might and should be joined to control, direct and utilize the powers of migration to the advantage of both their

sources and their depositories, has a vehicle of presentation. Dismembered they are wastefully dispersed. Instead of an intelligent existence to profit us, we find only bones here and there, integuments elsewhere.

If the facts, philosophy and poetry were offered the world in one publication investing a bureau wherein facts were articulated and proved, the sources of support might be

several, mutually conservative. The provinces of the bureau would insure returns, while the publication, interesting the most numerous and powerful class of readers in the world, should reap from an advertising field where the industrial demands over one hundred meridians might sow, and neither arm of the business could advance without strengthening the other.

CLARENCE GORDON.

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## PROFESSOR JOVANNY'S FUNERAL.

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A SILHOUETTE.

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UNAFFECTED was the regret in Yellow Bear City, Storey County, Nevada, when, upon a certain January evening in the year 187—, the news spread that Professor Jovanny was dead. Professor Jovanny had been a long time (as time runs in communities like Yellow Bear City) piano-player in ordinary to the Cosmopolitan Hotel and Dancing Pavilion—"Ladies Free." Yellow Bear was yet something uncultivated. It was true that its small population found marked practical advantage in pursuing the study of geology, after the simple methods advocated by Mr. Wackford Squeers, and that tons of gold-hiding quartz were daily comminuted though their energies; but, in spite of a weekly newspaper, thirteen saloons (where discussion upon questions of our national policy not unfrequently led to—lead), an unfinished Methodist mission chapel and six dance-houses (including the Cosmopolitan), the advances of art and sentiment within Yellow Bear's straggling limits had been coy. The dint of pity was quite a different matter; and now it was genuinely felt. All was excitement at "Cosmopolitan End," where a notice nailed above the bar of the popular resort apprised patrons, first, of the sad event, and, second, of the consequent omission of the usual evening dance, which Professor Jovanny's untimely taking-off rendered inconvenient. The street-corner next the Cosmopolitan, just around

which stood the house of mourning, was the rallying-spot for successive groups of sympathizing Yellow Bear citizens. "Poor old One-Two-Three!"—"Handlin' a golden harp, mebbe, by this, think?" and many other more potent and entirely unquotable remarks and testimonials to the virtuoso's virtues were plentiful and loud. The old and cracked piano itself, at the upper end of the long dance-room, was already draped with sundry torn strips of bombazine and white cambric. A yellow and scarcely relevant old engraving of Abraham Lincoln, which the Yellow Bear flies seemed to have visited with cruel pertinacity, had been rudely propped upright upon its cover. Its legend, "We Mourn our Loss," had struck the barkeeper as an appropriate and delicate expression of personal grief under the circumstances. San Monito street was unanimous in confessing that Yellow Bear could well have spared a better man; thereby signifying a man who could drink deep, swing a pick long and shoot informally—in none of which accomplishments the dead musician had been versed. The editor of the *Weekly Intelligencer* was, during the last moments of the waning twilight, correcting in proof (the paper-weight lying upon the copy before him being a loaded derringer, since a personal column was a feature of his sheet) an obituary headed in his heaviest-faced capitals, "Muses in the Mud. Death



of our Talented Fellow-Citizen, Professor Jovanny." In short, as Rioba Jack expressed it to the crowd of choice spirits hanging about the Cosmopolitan bar, Professor Jovanny's decease was "a suc—cess."

And as to this dead Nevada Orpheus who lay white and rigid around the corner, and whose name, when pronounced nearer to the Atlantic, must have been Giovanni something, or something Giovanni, what was now to him the petty bustle of Yellow Bear City—or whatthe scarcely more important bustle that the whole round earth makes as it spins? Six months back the "Professor" had landed in this rude mining-town of the Sierras. Gaunt, middle-aged, travel-stained and timid was this waif and stray of art, blown by some ironical wind hither. Under one arm was a music portfolio; hanging to the other, a daughter. Nevertheless, Professor Jovanny made his advent in a smiling hour for his fortunes. Between Dennison, proprietor of the Cosmopolitan, and the newcomer an out-of-hand bargain was struck in very Western English and very badly mangled Italian ditto that was satisfactory to both parties. Professor Jovanny abode in Yellow Bear and won reputation. Whether he had ever tried his hand at other music than the festive waltz, jig and walk-around is open to doubt. But certain it was that he played everything of that stamp with such irresistible vigor and spirit that the Cosmopolitan outrivalled all its competitors apace, and the mirth and fun of its nightly revels (termed upon Sundays, out of deference to religious scruples, "grand sacred concerts") waxed nightly more fast and furious. As for the daughter, one single relic of her father's early refinement asserted itself on her behalf, namely, that not one of the Yellow Bear species-male could truly say that he knew her. Rioba Jack, Dennison of the Cosmopolitan, "Mister" (whose sobriquet was the derisive contraction of one lone visiting card unfortunately discovered among the effects of Mr. James Thornborough Harrington, formerly of the State of Maine), nor any of their fraternity, had been able to get the advantage of this mortifying dilemma. The girl was hardly ever seen upon the street, so jealous was her father's watchfulness. In time Rioba Jack

and the rest of them came to respect this position, that is, ceased to combat it actively. "After all," remarked someone, during a discussion of the topic, "it ain't a bad idea to *have* one woman in this here town." Now, there happened to be a considerable female contingent already figuring in Yellow Bear society, hence the remark last quoted evinced a good deal of nice discrimination on the speaker's part.

It was not until evening that, with the session of the wonted parliament around the Cosmopolitan bar, before mentioned, the proposition to inter Professor Jovanny with civic honors took shape. The full quorum was present in that hospitable retreat. Distilled liquors flowed, albeit no dance was forthcoming. Rioba Jack rose to address the company. "It appears to me," said that gentleman, covering his awkwardness as orator and his mouth with a tumbler when desirable—"it appears to me that we had ought—that in view of his position in Yellow Bear—that we had ought to give Professor Jovanny his funeral." "My sentiments," interrupted an approving voice, promptly. Rioba Jack continued: "He hain't left nothin' worth chattering about, except the gal, and gals ain't cash. Jovanny was a artist way above tide-level—there ain't no mistake about that!" went on his biographer with increased confidence. "Talk about your celluloid-clawyers! Talk about your Dumb Toms! Talk of your—of your scales," the Rioba concluded hastily, suddenly realizing that he was drifting among breakers in any rash employment of technical terms, "unless a man had heerd Jovanny rattlin' 'Where was Moses,' in this here very hotel, he hadn't never heerd no genuzine tunin' up at all. I say, we had ought to give Jovanny a big time."

The chorus of approval came *fortissimo*. "I move that Rioba Jack be appointed a committee of one to wait on deceased and ask his gal if the notion jumps with her feelin's, like as it were." This suggestion from a distant quarter, however mixed, was to the point. It was carried. Every man present felt equal to himself undertaking this preliminary; but this was no time for permitting personal interests to dam the current of popular feeling. Rioba Jack strode from

the bar-room. Applause and suggestion swelled behind his back. "Make it a square out-and-out show." "Borry the Methodist's gospel stamp." "Pay an entrance fee for the benefit of the gal." "Embalm the corp!" and the like, were distinguishable among these. High over all the tumult broke the stentorian voice of Dennison of the Cosmopolitan, commanding order and enforcing the same by the handle of his knife applied vigorously to a tumbler. Finally some settled plan of action crystallized. A "square funeral" Professor Jovanny should have. His body should "lay in state" for the whole of the ensuing day—on the piano in the adjoining dance-room—that piano which had so often been shaken to its centre beneath the defunct's nimble fingers. "Mister's" proposal of an admission fee—for gentlemen only—was accepted. The entire male population of Yellow Bear City was to be duly invited to appear and "view the remains" for the modest sum of one dollar, gold, during any hour of the morrow's daylight most suited to individual convenience. A brass band had not yet been organized in Yellow Bear, or it would unquestionably have been provided. A free bar was—of course. At nightfall should Professor Jovanny be buried with all mortuary pomp practicable.

Rioba Jack was greeted eagerly upon his return. "It's all right," responded that worthy, composedly resuming his seat. "Go ahead, all hands! I didn't see the gal, but Big Jinny and Pearl Kate are settin' round with her, and they give her the message. Big Jinny says it's all right. We can go ahead."

The Rioba was fully posted on the progress of affairs during his absence. The idea of Professor Jovanny's "laying in state" upon the old piano alone drew forth his contempt in round terms, which, although they betrayed surprising acquaintance with scriptural phraseology, were by no means pious. "No such half-way style as that," he ended, explosively; "what I say is, buy the old tune-box from Dennison and bury Jovanny *in* it!" The uproar that greeted this novel proposal might, like Prospero's tale, have cured deafness. Naturally, each person present promptly claimed to have

thought of it himself and rejected it unuttered. Dennison announced his entire willingness to dispose of the widowed instrument at a reasonable figure. There was a unanimous rush into the long dance-room adjoining. Away flew the emblems of grief dangling about the object of special inspection. Its cover was laid off, bodily, in a twinkling. Its length, its depth, its available breadth and strength of bottom were excitedly ascertained. It is proper to interpolate that, although the relative dimensions of the battered old instrument and those of its late pigmy manipulator were apparent on first sight to the jury, betting was a second nature to the company, and bets accordingly flew about like snowflakes before the mountain blast—bets that "Jovanny was too hefty for that there bottom"—that "you couldn't git Jovanny into that old ark unless you laid him in crossways;" and sundry sportive altercations as to the best *modus operandi* for "makin' her look coffinish"—which it did already. It was bought within ten minutes by a lavish collection, Dennison mentioning a price that certainly showed him to be an exceedingly astute man in recognizing a commercial opportunity. Thereupon did the whole roomful resolve itself into a committee on destruction. Alas! what soft-hearted story-teller can dwell upon the unholy hammering and cleaving, the ruthless hacking and smashing which ended in making visible for weeks thereafter in the back-yard of the Cosmopolitan a hideous wreck of tangled steel wire, a chaos of maple joinery, white and black keys and splinters of sounding-board—in a word, the entrails of a murdered piano?

By ten o'clock the work was fairly done. The crowd had departed; for it was fast approaching that witching time of night consecrated in Yellow Bear to Terpsichore or the seductive, if dangerous, pastime known as "bucking the tiger." The Cosmopolitan had not yet "organized" its own particular lair for that wily animal. Only Dennison, Rioba Jack and "Mister" now remained in the long dance-room. Dennison was smoking, as he leaned against one end of his late piece of property. "Mister," with bared arms, diligently rubbed oil over sundry scratches upon its case. Rioba Jack was

strengthening with hammer and nails some weak spot beneath. The flaring light from a couple of oil-lamps on the side of the wall brought out strong shadows on the three dark, heavily-mustached faces. Neither of the trio broke the silence for a few moments. Presently the Rioba emerged from his close quarters and began hammering at the end opposite to Dennison. He looked up. "What's goin' to become of the gal?" he queried, abruptly; "Yellow Bear ain't no place for a decent one like her, 'specially if she's left alone in it."

"Oh, I've fixed that, as you may say," replied Dennison, leisurely, and taking his pipe from his mouth to expectorate; "Mother Sal's a-goin' to take keer of her till she can do for herself."

The Rioba dropped his lath-nail and remitted his pounding. "Mother Sal," he repeated—"Mother Sal around on San Monito street, that sells —"

"Tobacco," interrupted Dennison, sharply. "Yes; Mother Sal. Who else?"

The Rioba's brow darkened slowly. He resumed his work mechanically. "You generally go to Mother Sal's for your own tobaccho, don't you?" he inquired, with exceeding dryness, an instant later, throwing aside his hammer and replacing, with "Mister's" assistance, the cover loosely upon the disemboweled instrument.

"Yes, I do," Dennison responded decisively; "and I don't see what business it is of yours, neither."

"Oh, none at all," returned Rioba Jack, quietly, and turning away to slip on his coat. He buttoned it before speaking again.

"Dennison," he said, with an unwonted accent of expostulation lurking in his voice, "don't do this thing. Keep your hand out of deviltry for once—leastways such deviltry as this. I don't know Jovanny's gal. I hain't hardly ever seen her. 'Taint for myself I'm askin' it—but just you let her alone. Won't you?"

Dennison had removed his pipe from his mouth for good now. He stood staring angrily at the Rioba, whose clear, dark eyes under their bushy brows were fixed with unwonted brilliancy upon his own. The proprietor of the Cosmopolitan burst into a rude laugh. "What's the matter with

the man?" he ejaculated. Then returning the Rioba's steadfast gaze with an equally pertinacious and meaning one, he answered with much deliberateness, "Look-a-here, Rioba, I suppose I *can* take a hint if I *must*—especially when it's rammed down into my skull as this one appears to be. You and me has got along without trouble for ever since we come to Yellow Bear. I should be sorry, very sorry, to be obleeged to have any unpleasantness between us now. I always feel bound *to* have unpleasantness with any man, partner or stranger, who interferes with my own partic'ler concerns. Do you take?"

The Rioba made no direct reply. He stood with his eyes bent upon the floor abstractedly. Nevertheless he "took." "Good-night, Dennison—good-night, 'Mister,'" he suddenly said, and turning abruptly upon his heel he quitted the Cosmopolitan without another syllable. Naturally, Dennison and "Mister" had analyzed his character from their standpoint, in a few very terse and uncomplimentary phrases, before he was fairly in the street. "Mister" was disappointed. He had reckoned upon telling about the shooting next day.

The gray Nevada dawn was beginning to filter between the sharp Sierra peaks. Yellow Bear looked like a sketch in indian-ink on gray paper. Around the corner of the Cosmopolitan came a little procession not irreverently conveying upon a shutter something over which a sheet had been loosely spread. The air was raw and cold. "Careful—that's it—steady now," cautioned Dennison in a low voice as they mounted the Cosmopolitan doorstep. "Mister," Rioba Jack, Big Jinny, and Pearl Kate set down their burden at the upper end of the dance-room. "Come gals, fly round," exhorted Dennison, "there's all the bar to be set up across there—them windows has got to be darkened up—there ain't no time to waste. 'Mister' and me 'll tend to our share of the performance." "I say, Jinny," questioned the Rioba *sotto voce* to that nymph a moment later, when Dennison and "Mister" were engaged at a distance, "you left her asleep, eh?" (There had, by the way, been no allusion from either party concerned as to the embryo "unpleasantness" of the preceding

night—again to "Mister's" secret regret). "Sound, Jack—just like she was dead drunk," responded Big Jinny, cheerfully, pounding away with her hammer at the window-sash. Her interrogator frowned. The answer somehow gritted against his dormant sense of the fitting. Big Jinny drove another tack and began to whistle.

A little later a magnificent eastern flare of pink and gold fell through the one window yet undarkened upon the face of Professor Jovanny, peacefully upturned from his last pillow—a roll of his own thumb-dance-music wrapped about with a white bar napkin. A moth-eaten knitted lap-robe was thrown across his feet. Dressed in his one threadbare black suit—that pile of his own music beneath the forlorn gray head—truly here went one to the grave with all that he possessed—except a daughter. Dennison, the Rioba, "Mister" and the women stood for a moment motionless beside the body—their tasks completed.

"A becomin' caskit, altogether," exclaimed the proprietor of the Cosmopolitan, eyeing it critically.

"There's somethin' wantin', all the same," quoth "Mister," after the continued pause had grown oppressive.

"Wantin'," retorted Dennison; "I'd like to know what it is. Look at them there flags over the windows. Look at that there bar, where all that a man's got to do is to walk up, after he's paid his dollar, and help himself or let Pearl and Jinny here help him. Look at this here coffin—solid rosewood, round corners, carved legs and ag-graffe treble," he went on, with an evanescent grin at his own wit. "Come, now, 'Mister,' what more could Jovanny or anybody else want?"

But "Mister" was paying no attention to this sally or the mirth it had provoked. "Flowers—flowers and fruit—fruit and flowers," he was muttering to himself, apparently confounding a conventional Eastern attention from the friends of an afflicted family with the catalogue of some Maine county fair. "Must come to the same thing—of course," he exclaimed, conclusively, striding away from the *de facto* coffin and his companions. He disappeared within the bar-room. "I've made free with them new stores of yours, Dennison," he called out, presently

reappearing and staggering down the room toward the expectant party, weighted with an awkward load—two huge stems of bananas heavy with lusciousness, and clasped in his arms four spiky pine-apples. "It won't hurt their sellin'," he apologized, as with a dexterous balancing and tying he disposed the two first-named decorations upright, one upon either side of poor Professor Jovanny's perpendicular feet—vegetable obelisks. A pine-apple stood upon each one of the "round corners." Dennison and the rest were hearty in commendations of their friend's thoughtfulness and taste. "That just fixes her off slick," exclaimed Big Jinny, in high delight.

The sun mounted; the barkeeper appeared in the adjoining room; first stragglers, curious to learn the truth of any rumors concerning the day's novelties at the Cosmopolitan, strolled across the threshold. Dennison set "Mister" and a table on which was deposited a loaded revolver and an empty biscuit-tin, with a slit in its cover, over against the door. Big Jinny and the Pearl, he posted at the special bar for the day, which he had by no means ungenerously furnished forth. Himself, he stationed in an arm-chair, without the dance-room, to advertise the obsequies, urge entrance into the penetralia of the dance-room, as a matter of duty and pleasure, and act as master of ceremonies generally.

It will be remarked that, designedly or accidentally, Rioba Jack was appointed unto no prominent function in these festivities of grief. Indirectly this brought about there being thrust upon our friend one of singular conspicuousness. He dropped an eagle into "Mister's" resonant receptacle and walked out of the Cosmopolitan. The street was sparsely peopled at that early hour. He turned the corner of the hotel and halted abruptly to avoid collision with a figure—a girl standing motionless, and leaning against the wall, as if summoning courage or ability to advance farther. What taught the Rioba instantly that it was Professor Jovanny's daughter, apart from any fleeting previous rencontre, was not difficult to appreciate. The set young face, tear-stained and pallid, but independent of a pair of dark, mournful eyes for its beauty; the slender form, not

ungracefully draped by the scanty, black-stuff dress; the head bared to the sharp morning wind—it was a vignette of young grief, passive, despairing, solitary, that the Rioba gazed at pityingly.

"Good, good-day," he said awkwardly, "you're—his gal, I take it. Can I—might I help you, Miss?" This last word of respectful salute to the unmarried, weaker sex, had been a stranger to the Rioba's lips for a dozen years.

"I am going to my father," the girl replied, in a curiously abstracted fashion of speech; one wherein lay just a shadow of foreign accent. She looked away from the Rioba's clear regard, and continued, as if partly speaking to herself, "I wish to see where they have put my father. I must sit by him. He will need me."

"But," began the Rioba, in distressed perplexity, as she wrapped her shawl closer about her exposed throat (it was a beautiful throat), and made a motion to pass him, "yer father's dead, Miss. Poor, old Jovanny's dead. He's layin' in state in his pianny—coffin, I mean—round to the Cosmopolitan here. You wouldn't like a settin' alone there all day by side of the coffin, and everybody starin' at you. 'Twouldn't do."

"I want to sit by my father," the girl answered more decidedly. "Take me to him."

The Rioba was mute. He saw that his new *protégé* (for such he instinctively recognized her), was in that state of mind that the eyes of all the universe were as naught to her. Extremity of sorrow had taken hold upon her, and to reason with her would be like reasoning with the clouded mind. He looked again down upon her white, pathetic face. Its innocence awoke a new emotion in the Rioba's heart. Thereupon thought he of Dennison—and of Mother Sal.

"Come along," he ejaculated, not unkindly. He turned and led the way to the Cosmopolitan. His companion followed mutely with bowed head. The gathering crowd in the dance-room stared as the two entered. The girl heeded all whispers not a whit. She uttered a low exclamation and walked quickly across to the "caskit." "He is here, you see," she said slowly, half turning to the Rioba with a recognizing smile whose transforming effect upon her wan face ut-

terly obliterated from his mind any further sense of the awkwardness of his position. Some one pushed a chair forward. She seated herself beside the coffin and fixed her eyes upon the marble face within it—a statue gazing upon a statue. The room was hushed; suddenly some human vermin, audibly of the feminine gender, laughed from a far corner. The girl raised her head and looked fixedly whence the sound had proceeded. A troubled expression came over her countenance. But at the same moment she caught sight of the Rioba standing not distant, his face flushed with wrath at the insult, his eyes brimming with compassion encountering her own. Some shadowy, tardy sense of her utterly unprotected situation must have tinged that brief look of hers with an unconscious appeal, whose effect upon the Rioba was electric. Leisurely drawing his pistol from its belt, the stalwart cavalier of the Sierras, whose education in chivalry had been intuitive, stepped quietly toward the coffin of Professor Jovanny, against the edge of which that loneliest of mourners had again rested her forehead. The Rioba laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, and drew himself up. "Friends and feller-citizens," he said, running his eye comprehensively around the room as he spoke, "this here young woman and this here corpse is under my protection. Look at that there comb in Big Jinny's head!" Before all pairs of optics in the room had discovered the ornament in question it was smashed to atoms by the bullet from the revolver coolly discharged by the Rioba as a period to his sentence. Big Jinny uttered one single staccato screech (to which luxury she was certainly entitled), not much relishing being made a target of; and then became, in common with the entire company, significantly silent. The figure inclined against Professor Jovanny's coffin had alone not stirred.

Dennison's startled face appeared at the door outside; he had listened to speech and shot. The Rioba caught his eye and smiled. It was a smile of infinite defiance.

The morning wore on—noon came—afternoon. Professor Jovanny's "laying in state" had been, in the language of "Mister," "a big go." Within its allotted limits of time wellnigh the entire male and female popula-



tion of Yellow Bear City had one by one entered the door of the Cosmopolitan dance-room, contributed (so far as concerned the male proportion), inspected, imbibed at discretion, departed. The "heft" of "Mister's" biscuit-tin was something to excite the dormant cupidity of anyone. All day long that ill-sorted pathetic tableau in the centre of the place had remained changeless—the voiceless, motionless watcher; the tranquil tenant of that uncouth coffin; the Rioba standing beside both, erect, attentive, grave. The room was scarcely entirely still; even the Rioba had not expected that. There was some shuffling of feet, subdued commenting and query. Big Jinny and the Pearl exchanged pleasantries of a more or less Doric character with passing acquaintances; glasses clinked and coin jingled. But no word, no ejaculation was let fall that could reflect upon or annoy her who sat in the midst of the staring, sluggishly revolving whirlpool. Big Jinny had stuck sundry disconnected fragments of her unlucky adornment in her ropy locks—a laconic hint. More than once did some acquaintance offer to relieve the Rioba on guard; but that gentleman only smiled and said, in an off-hand fashion, "I guess I'll finish." Perhaps he had bethought himself that field duty might lie ahead. Dennison walked about the hall inoffensively.

Darkness had set in as the funeral procession took order before the Cosmopolitan door. The majority of the sterner sex in Yellow Bear seemed disposed to swell it. "Mister's" mule-cart preceded, whereon, amputated as to its legs and with its cover nailed fast, was placed the coffin. Dennison and "Mister" drove the hearse slowly. Immediately in its rear walked, bareheaded still, and as walks the somnambulist, Professor Jovanny's daughter. The instant that the Rioba had said, "You shall go with it," she had not offered to interfere with the shutting up, at last, from view of her dead father's body, or the removal of the dismembered piano itself to the cart. The Rioba himself walked a pace to her right, very much with the air of a young man who was dimly aware that he was moving toward an emergency. A miscellaneous crowd of about equal lingual and linear disorder length-

ened out in the rear. The pitchy flame of the pine-wood torches filled the evening air and played strange tricks with the tree-shadows. Professor Jovanny's funeral cortege began to wax straggling and unsteady. In fact the liberty of outside locomotion and the numerous potations of strong waters, anterior, had begun to battle against further decorum. Fragments of ribald songs, unseemly pranks and hilarities broke out behind intermittently. At one stage of the progress no inconsiderable portion of the procession seceded in a body to witness (and assist at) the settlement of a "melancholy dispute for precedence between two of Yellow Bear City's foremost citizens"—as their consequent obituaries in the next *Intelligencer* recorded. Nevertheless, the cavernous hole dug for the reception of poor Professor Jovanny, or, rather, his bulky sarcophagus, yawned at last, down a little declivity under a clump of firs.

"Dig her big enough for a hoss," had been Dennison's prudential injunction to the "committee" of ten selected as grave-diggers. In their zeal they had excavated a pit that was fearful and wonderful; a double team capacity, in fact. The crowd gathered about, holding up the torches. Dennison and "Mister" superintended carefully the lowering of the coffin, a feat accomplished not without difficulty. Yellow Bear was, by this time, too weary of affliction and, it is strictly veracious to add, too inebriated to think of carrying out any of the *quasi* religious or municipal ceremonies discussed. The first shovelful of clay were discharged into the black depth. Then all at once, with this most merciless of earthly sounds suddenly breaking a stillness, that desolate mourner's soul awoke from its long lethargy to active grief. The girl uttered an exceeding bitter cry. "My father!—O God, my father!" came from her white lips again and again, interrupted by a tempest of sobs and tears under which she bowed, crouching down upon the earth in an agony of loss and loneliness. The Rioba stood, with his head bent suspiciously, near to her side. Dennison stood opposite.

The crowd had greatly dispersed before the work of "filling in" was ended. The girl would not be moved until all was over.

Rioba Jack did not shift his own station. At last, however, the shovels were thrown aside and the few men left, beside the Rioba and Dennison, began alternately donning coats and relieving each other of the torches, or collecting the tools.

"Come, my gal," said the Rioba, with an unconscious but wondrous tenderness. The sound of his voice seemed to give the kneeling one strength. She nodded her bowed head, checked her sobs piteously and presently rose. Still keeping her wet eyes averted from the flaring lights, she half-turned toward him and—put out her hand. The Rioba took it as it had been an angel's. From that hour he knew that he had a heart and that he had lost it in the instant of discovery. Suddenly Dennison, who had been the most attentive of spectators, approached. The Rioba looked and discerned at his back, holding a torch, the swart, creasy face of the woman, Mother Sal, whom the other man had selected as consignee of the orphan.

"Look-a-here, Rioba," exclaimed the proprietor of the Cosmopolitan, abruptly, and standing squarely a couple of yards in front of him, "it strikes me as its about time now for you and me to turn over Jovanny's gal here to one of her own sect. She needs a mother's care now—a mother's, not a father's, except her own; nor yit a—a

brother's." He spoke as if filled with internal exasperation, and yet as a man willing to avoid any "unpleasantness," should none lie directly in the path of his projects.

The Rioba quite understood the situation. He changed his position, looked Dennison squarely in the eye, and with great coolness drew the young girl's arm through his own—another mechanically employed souvenir of civilization. He saw that the hour of his companion's deliverance or doom was in his hand. He had settled upon his course of action while walking with the procession. He balked not. Pointing straight at Mother Sal's puffy, oily countenance, he ejaculated, "A mother!" with ineffable scorn—then added concisely, "Ed'ard Dennison, I p'pose to be responsible henceforth for this here young woman to her Maker. You are a liar—a thief—and—"

With a face whereon flashed out in a second all his pent-up wrath since morning, Dennison drew his pistol from behind his back and fired. Fortunately, passion made his aim less true than that of the unscathed Rioba, who, entirely on his guard to meet what he had designedly provoked, fired almost simultaneously, and laid Dennison dead at his feet.

EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

## THEY ARE BUT MASKS.

The Parsee knelt to the golden sun ;

"Thou art the God of Life," said he.

The sun went down when the day was done ;

And the Parsee said, "It cannot be."

"Oh ! silver moon, with thy starry host,

Thou art the Source of Life," said he.

The moon waxed wan like a pallid ghost ;

And the Parsee said, "It cannot be."

It cannot be. Ah ! in vain we pray

To suns and moons. They cease to shine.

They are but masks, that shall fade away

From the features of the Face Divine.

E. A. GROZIER.

## TEMPLE COURT.

IN the novels of Scott and Bulwer, towers are assigned to astrologers, necromancers and scholars. Now, while THE MANHATTAN is no wizard, it may, as a scholar and observer of men, claim a lofty look-out; hence its lodgment in aerial quarters in Temple Court. This structure stands on historic ground, of which the record begins with the Mercantile Library. The library, incubated, in February, 1821, at No. 49 Fulton street, with 700 volumes and 150 members, took wing in 1826, with 6,000 volumes, to Harper & Brothers' building in Cliff street. In 1828, having secured the support of the merchants, headed by Arthur Tappan with \$1,000, a building was erected on the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, on the ground now covered by a portion of Temple Court, and was dedicated November 2, 1830, under the name of Clinton Hall. Here the library tarried for twenty years, and then transmigrated to Astor place, where it now is, leaving Clinton Hall behind to follow out its own history.

And a curious history it has proved to be, that of Clinton Hall, over which the stalwart and sumptuous Temple Court now dominates. Its lecture-room, then the forum of distinguished orators and lecturers, was a memorable resort. There it was that, in 1832, Prof. John McVickar, of Columbia College, lamented the death of Sir Walter Scott. There Caleb Cushing flashed luminous eyes upon diplomatic strategy, and Francis L. Hawks stirred the very soul of eloquence, further memorable to the writer, in that the doctor, on a certain occasion, in the preliminary wait for the audience to come, emerged from the retiring-room and joining the writer on a bench in the auditorium, recited briefly his own wonderful and varied history, which covered school-teaching, soldiering, law-reporting, a member of the legislature, lawyer and journalist in North Carolina, followed by pulpitizing, inaugurating academies, enlightening the Historical Society on

antiquities, book-making in various departments, and, as his principal employment, fulfilling the duties of rector of a popular church and a deliverer of weekly sermons, unsurpassed in eloquence of voice, manner and inspiration.

Among the various and miscellaneous fowl—land-fowl and water-fowl—which have roosted in this reserve, may be mentioned that pelican of the wilderness, James Gordon Bennett, the elder, the founder of the *New York Herald*. He had emigrated from the publishing office of his letter-sheet small quarto morning daily on Ann street, to perch at the corner of the two streets. It was not long before he was heard from. The passers-by on a certain noonday could read from a paper banner thrown out at the door that, "at two o'clock P. M., an extra *Herald*, containing a full account of the (intended) flagellation of the proprietor of the *Herald* by Tom Hamblin, the notorious manager of the Bowery Theatre," would be issued. Very few men ever knew how to write up a subject and inflame the public desire for a newspaper better than the senior Bennett. On an extended and more ambitious scale, he has had a most successful follower in his son, the present publisher and proprietor of the same journal.

In course of time, the corner of Clinton Hall had a tenant of a different stripe entirely, Justin S. Redfield, who there conducted the business of book-publishing. A most honorable, liberal and upright dealer was Mr. Redfield, who, among his other undertakings, in another store near by, afterward published a complete edition of the works of William Gilmore Simms, the novelist, and a valuable edition of Shakespeare's plays, edited by that scholarly gentleman, George L. Duyckinck.

A near neighbor of publisher Redfield, in Clinton Hall, was the office of the *Phrenological Journal*, edited and published by O. S. and L. N. Fowler, in a monthly form, with a

flannelly paper cover, striving to make head against the ridicule which at that time generally assailed the pretensions of head-measurers. I think it must be forty years ago when the Fowlers exhibited to me a copy of a new number of the magazine, having for frontispiece a portrait of Henry Ward Beecher, pointing to which one of them said: "There's the man who in twenty-five years will be one of the most popular men in America." Mr. Beecher has gone his way and landed on Brooklyn Heights; the Fowlers have gone their way long enough to see the phrenological *technique* coloring the speech and writing of the day. It is a long while since they left the old haunt and flitted into Broadway, where their successors conduct a prosperous publishing house of large business. In the Clinton Hall building also harbored for many years the best known and most active lithographer in the United States, L. N. Courier.

These have all vanished from the scene, leaving as permanent sentinel, where it still stands, although changed in drapery and surroundings, the Nassau Bank. In its back parlor sat for many years, as president, Thomas McElrath, who was the publisher of the New York *Tribune*, edited by Horace Greeley. Ever honored, the ex-president still lives among us to celebrate his golden wedding and to look upon a career of honor as bookseller, lawyer, politician, financier, and journalist, without a stain.

Nor must we forget in the basement of the old hall, a man who filled well a double position, as Pintard the doctor-barber, entertaining, in his subterranean shop in Nassau street, New York, with tongue and strop, the quidnuncs of the neighborhood, at the same time figuring as Doctor Pintard in an extensive medical practice in Brooklyn, honorable and trusty in both.

If we walk along the line up Beekman street, we will find Temple Court abutting on Theatre alley, so-called as the way of access to the rear entrance of the old Park Theatre. If it could but speak, what tales it could tell of the colossi of the stage who have traversed the dusky lane: Cooper and George Frederick Cooke (who lies over the way in St. Paul's Churchyard); Edmund Kean and Charles Kemble, Fanny Kemble

and Madame Vestris, Fanny Ellsler and Tyrone Power, with Jack Reeve and old Dowton, who flourished on the London stage at the beginning of the present century, and who has yet been seen by spectators now living, acting on the boards of the old Park.

As we enter the Alley, we encounter a corner where in other days was published an evening penny paper, the *Transcript*, from a little bookstore, and edited by the bookseller himself. His name was Green. He wore a rusty camlet cloak, winter and summer, and, under the assumed name of Dodimus Duckworth, published a book entitled "The Perils of Wall Street," with others of a like nature.

The next *eidolon* which appears upon this haunted field is the New York University, of which Clinton Hall was truly the *incunabula*, for in that were the first quarters occupied by the new collegiate institution. The privileges of the reading-room of the Mercantile Library were extended to the university students, and the lecture-room was used for anniversary and rhetorical occasions. Here began the studies of the first class that was graduated from the New York University. It had for chancellor Rev. James M. Mathews, the founder; for professors, Rev. Charles Pettit McIlvaine, afterward Bishop of Ohio, a most genial, kindly gentleman, whose "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," delivered in the New York University in 1831, have gone through thirty editions; Professor Mulligan, in the languages, who adapted fictitious citations from an exceptional copy of a Leipsic edition of one of the classics, held by a mischievous student, who, being summoned for his note on some special passage, would proceed, "*Sic dixit leather headius*," &c.; Henry Vethake, the famous gunpowder mathematical professor; John Torrey, professor of chemistry, a botanist of the first rank, and afterward assay master in the United States Mint, in the sub-treasury; as professor in the Belles-Lettres, Henry B. Tappan, afterward Chancellor of the Michigan University. It was in this last-named gentleman's department originated a class magazine entitled *The Adelphi*.

It may be of interest to cultured readers

to know with what sort of material the New York University began its ambitious career. Its first class consisted of three members: Edward Cone (not living), the eldest son of the Baptist pulpit orator, Spencer H. Cone; Henry S. Dodge, afterward a distinguished lawyer, and Joseph Atchison, subsequently a practitioner of medicine. Following these, in the second class, primarily nurtured in Clinton Hall, were William McMurray, who came to be a master in chancery, State senator and police commissioner; William R. Gordon, now living as a retired D.D. of the Dutch Reformed Church, author of sundry theological books of a controversial order, and a frequent contributor to the *Christian Intelligencer*. Gordon was a born controversialist, and had a genius for using the index finger of the right hand in laying down the law. A feature of the second class, of which I was a member, was the appearance in it of William Wiggins, an elderly gentleman, married and having children while he was a student. He died lately, having attained the honor of a D.D. Another was Robert Crosby, who has been always a bank officer since he was graduated. Robert Kellogg, now a clergyman, was noted for his habit of interposing in debate with his class fellows the word "proceed" at all available pauses.

To continue the story, the University in a short time removed its quarters from this site to the vacated building of the Mechanics' School, off Chatham street. Adjoining it was a deserted building to which, when a chance afforded, "Jim" Grieson, a student from Brooklyn, of Scotch parentage, would adjourn with a congenial fellow-student to read to him the poems of Robert Burns. In the Belle-Lettres' department, by oversight of indulgent Professor Tappan, one of the class, Sam Hammett, in combination with his neighbor in the class, would indite compositions on the fly-leaves of Hames' "Elements of Criticism," which was the text-book in these studies. With this amateur work originated, as has been stated, the publication of the society magazine, under the name of one of the societies, *The Adelphi*. Hammett was afterward a flour merchant in South street, author of a book on Texas and a frequent con-

tributor to the columns of Porter's *Spirit of the Times*.

A musty odor of literature came in at the windows of the university from a second-hand bookstore kept at the end of the street by one Owen Phalen, whose uniform response, on a question being raised as to the value of a book, was: "Oh, sir, it's a valuable volum'," and that embraced all of his literary communications.

But there were others to be seen at his rusty depository, who had a stronger touch of the humanities. Among these how can I fail to call to mind a young man in sober olive-green coat, of sedate countenance and modest of speech, who, like myself, moused about the old bookshop, nibbling here and there at such crusts of knowledge as offered? This plain wayfarer along the road to Parnassus is now the President of the Geographical Society, and the Judge longest in occupancy of the bench of any in the State of New York. In other words, thus and there in Owen Phalen's rusty resort I met and became acquainted with the Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, Charles P. Daly. He has justified his presence among books at that early period by the happy and serviceable use he has made of his acquisitions.

Another of the attendants whose acquaintance I made at the door of Phalen's "College," was William Chippendale, the actor, now living in retirement near London, having advanced past the age of ninety. He has until within a few years been acting as stage manager at Henry Irving's Lyceum. "Old Chip," as he came to be called when playing here at the old Park Theatre, commended himself especially to my regards when he made known that as a printer in the office of the Ballantynes, in Edinburgh, he had set up the original title-page of the first of Walter Scott's novels, "Waverley."

Another friend even more dear than these, I made at the second-hand bookstore, whither I rushed from the neighboring university whenever I found myself possessed of a spare half dollar. This new, this dear, this precious friend was "Elia," whom I found in a little glossy-yellow-cover-of-paper volume. I had never before seen Elia, but I



no sooner caught sight of one of his quaint titles than I fell to, and, standing upon one foot, as Horace hath it, I made short work with the volume. It was a new world I had entered, where all was fresh, genial, peculiar, sweeter than strawberries, savory as country pot-pie, more toothsome than the broiled pan-fish from the sylvan lake. Who has not set up a white stone by the wayside on his first acquaintance with Charles Lamb? At what time of life to the fresh-hearted man can he be displaced? Never, never! He is with us, ever near to our spirits, and welcome as a companion and comrade, true and tried, who can never fail us. Such are the reminders of the early days of the Uni-

versity, whose beginning in this Temple Court we have recorded.

It may be considered a pardonable indulgence that I dwell on the fact that the New York University had its birth in Clinton Hall, and that the dome of Temple Court covers the ancient site, inasmuch as it is on the heights of Temple Court that THE MANHATTAN has its seat of power, contributed to in this commemorative article by a graduate of the New York University. Thus is the *renaissance* of Time and Scholarship verified, I hope; and backward, like a vanishing comet, is the light of the past shed upon the page of to-day!

CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

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### PEACE.

When birds fly east and birds fly west  
I seek the home I love the best—  
The safe and sweet and quiet nest  
I find within my lady's breast.

She takes to her my weary soul,  
She lifts me from my own control;  
My wounded heart she maketh whole,  
And there I find my happy goal!

O bird, fly east; O bird, fly west!  
Fly, troubled bird, on ceaseless quest;  
But here I find my own sweet nest  
And flutter softly into rest!

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

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### MANAHATTA.

At the tide's confluence she sits enthroned,  
The peerless mistress of the puissant West,  
In gathered splendors of the ages drest,  
Last born of all the rulers earth has owned.  
The looms of Ind for her their fabrics yield;  
On her fair brow earth's brightest jewels shine;  
Her to adorn all grace and skill combine;  
With stores of art her palaces are filled.  
Tribute she draws from every age and land,  
Her bounteous largess fills the world with bread,  
Th' oppressed find refuge 'neath her sheltering hand,  
And at her gates the mendicant is fed.  
In her all glories of all climes are blent,  
The crowned sovereign of the Occident.

FREDERIC D. STOREY.

## A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

### A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE.

SCENE.—The parlor of a farm-house furnished in a commonplace manner. The walls are white, untinted and unpapered. The only decorations are mottoes in walnut frames, a portrait of Washington, and some dusty autumn leaves, arranged in circles and crosses. The carpet is of a red pattern, and the upholstery of the lounge and chairs is of green "rep." A similar lack of taste is apparent in the rest of the furniture. A landscape with farm buildings can be seen through the open door at the back, and the sun, which has been shining, disappears as a sudden shower begins to fall. The voice of Clifford Allston is heard with out.

It's very kind of you. Pray don't trouble. This room?

*He appears in the doorway, with his back to the audience, speaking to a woman who is invisible, and who is directing him.*

I shall be quite comfortable here. (*Enters.*) Quite comfortable—(*speaking to himself and looking at the furniture critically*)—quite comfortable for ten minutes, or until the shower is over, but (*shrugging his shoulders*) I'd rather not stay any longer than is positively necessary.

*He is a handsome man, of about thirty-eight, dressed in a well-fitting suit of a fashionable cut; his riding-jacket, his spurs and his whip indicate that he has just dismounted.*

Is Vixen safe? (*Looks out of door.*) Yes; that imp of a boy has actually done what he was told to do, and I'll be bound that his unnatural obedience was meant to create the chagrin of disappointment in his mother's breast. What a poor, badgered-looking creature that woman is! She must have been pretty once—about the same that I was at twenty-one. Those large, blue-gray eyes are intelligent; the thin, straight lips—I saw them quiver as she reproached that saucy and undutiful little cub. Her complexion is white and transparent; it's a rather pathetic face; no doubt it was fair enough—once. (*He takes out a pocket-mirror and uses it.*) They say that blondes fade soon. Why? (*Thoughtfully strokes his mustache and observes how little of its former blackness remains as he studies the reflection.*) Ah, I'm afraid dark complexions don't wear much better.

*He replaces mirror and walks about the*

*room examining the different objects in it, none of which interests him. He sits down and finds the chair uncomfortable.*

She probably did not mean to be uncivil when I asked for shelter; after pointing to the barn she relented—she even blushed—and sent me here, into the parlor. Urbanity is not to be expected in any person when she has three petulant brats tugging at her skirts, and an older son answering all her commands with defiance. Now, there is an instance of the folly of getting married. She might have been a school-ma'am and lived in comfort and independence—she looks as if she had been one; she might have found a field of usefulness as a type-writer or a stenographer, and become a fat and prosperous cashier in some city office, like Miss Wiggins, at Symmons & Fry's; but with a gambler's recklessness she abandoned the serenity and security of single life for the vanity of getting a husband. Merely for a husband. When marriage is attended with some guarantees for the future, it may not be an absolutely insane proceeding, though the wisdom of it may be questioned. But look at her—all the inexhaustible possibilities of freedom surrendered for the semi-barbarous, fatiguing, hopeless condition of wedlock on an upland farm in a mineral country! I haven't seen her husband, but he's sure to be a sallow, wire-jointed, ill-speaking fellow, with a stagnant soul; it is one of the phenomena of our agricultural communities that the women monopolize the refinements and become lady-like, while their sons and husbands remain unchangeable clodhoppers. Besides, no woman with

a good husband could look as harassed as she does.

*Allston rises and goes to the doorway, yawning and reaching out his hand to feel the rain.*

It seems to be more than a passing shower. (*He discovers some one while he is looking out and his interest is suddenly quickened.*) Ah, I thought so! My conjecture could not have been truer if I had had the foresight of twenty prophets. That is the husband, undoubtedly; the very fellow I had in my mind's eye; an uncouth, lumbering, top-heavy creature with a yellow face. Exactly; and his appearance is the signal for an immediate renewal of suspended hostilities with his wife. He scolds, she retorts; they have been doing the same thing, I'll venture to say, ever since they put their shoulders under the yoke which fools call matrimony. That diabolical boy stands looking on at his parents' quarrel, with an amused air, as if the sport were not familiar to him. Ah! served him right; papa has boxed his ears (*a clatter of tinware is heard in the distance*), and in trying to escape, the unfilial little beggar has fallen over a pile of milk-pans. One might call it a regular pandemonium.

*He returns to a chair in the centre of the room and brings a bundle of letters out of one of his breast-pockets, looking at them idly. He is disturbed from time to time by scolding voices from without.*

By Jove, here's Jack Russell's letter which I haven't opened yet! (*Reads address on the envelope.*) "Mr. Clifford Allston, Palmer House, Chicago," postmarked London. Poor Jack! It's just three months since he was married—three months since I shook the dear old fellow's hand and the Servia carried him away with her to England. I suppose that by this time Jack's honey-moon has lost its effulgence; perhaps a pipe and a book and an afternoon of isolation have become bearable and he does not remonstrate when *she* leaves him alone; perhaps he has a regretful thought now and then of the days—aye, the years, when we were inseparable and had those pretty rooms in Stuyvesant Square. What resolute celibates we were until that ill-starred night when Jack went to the General's ball on Governor's Island and let the charms of Aurora Woodstock lead him into apostacy! So this accursed

institution breaks up friendships and holds out an illusive light which ceases to shine, when it has succeeded in tempting a man out of the safe and easy road of bachelor-dom into the matrimonial slough of despair. The old rooms in Stuyvesant Square are vacant, and even the old partnership is dissolved; the last time I was in Exchange place the office where Allston and Russell carried on the business of bankers and brokers was occupied by the Pine River Gold and Silver Mining Company, or some similarly nefarious concern. Jack Russell is in London, tied to a new wife, and here am I in these wilds of Wisconsin bereaved of my friend and without a motive for existence. (*A shrill female voice is heard in the distance; he glances out of the door.*) They're still at it!

*He opens the letter musingly.*

I hope Jack's getting along all right. I didn't quite like Aurora Woodstock. I never do like those women who are invariably self-possessed, as she is, and have none of the trepidation and diffidence which ought to belong to the sex. I never felt quite comfortable when she fixed that unflinching round eye of her's upon me; it always seemed to put a stigma upon me and made me feel guilty of some undefined crime. She always looked upon me, I am sure, as an insidious plotter against Jack's morality. Poor old Jack! Let us see about him. (*The voices of children are heard crying, and the woman's voice scolding.*) Confound the noise!

*He reads the letter.*

"DEAR CLIFFORD—An envelope addressed to you has been in my portfolio ever since we landed at Liverpool, and on the few occasions when I have been absolutely compelled to take out my writing materials, this envelope, like a messenger waiting for orders at the door, has reproached me with my omission to fill and dispatch it—an omission for which I now express the sincerest contrition. You have often said to me, 'You dear old, growling pessimist, that when friends part they will write to one another if they are unhappy; but that if they are having a good time, letter-writing will be infrequent'—a new variation on the old saying that, 'No news is good news.' My own ex-

perience has verified it: I have been very, very happy—too happy to write even to you, my oldest and dearest friend. Aurora is an angel; and had my love for her not been complete on our wedding day, it would have grown every hour since. My attachment to you is unaltered and unalterable, but when I look back to the protracted bachelorhood which we spent together, and the unsatisfactory, negligent, loveless life, I feel as a man who was blind but now can see, and I wish, with all my heart, that you would make such a change as I have done."

*Allston shrugs his shoulders impatiently, and sighs.*

"The protracted bachelorhood" — "the unsatisfactory, negligent, loveless life," indeed! Thus, under the sorcery of a sudden passion, does Jack Russell dismiss all those pleasant years of companionship!

*He continues reading the letter.*

"You are in reality a domestic man, Clifford Allston, and that sense of futility which you say unnerves your arm and deadens your spirit in all your endeavors, will vanish like an ill-dream under the influence of a wife."

The humbug! Aurora Woodstock was leaning over his shoulder when he wrote that, and kissed him when he finished the sentence!

"You will not consider me presumptuous or inopportune in writing thus, for all I say is dictated by a desire that you may be no less happy than I am, and I simply repeat, Get married, old boy; get married! It is time that you absolved yourself from that vow of celibacy which you made when that affair with Clara Smithwick ended. I ought to be grateful to her. You remember that it was while you were suffering from the pangs of unrequited affection that we met and that our mutual affliction formed the ground of our intimacy. You nursed your grief too long and let it make a cynic of you; but, after all, your cynicism is only a weed in a rich garden, and when it is plucked out the flowers are sure to thrive again. Now, the only garden for a man's heart is a wife, and when all the bloom has been trampled upon by the vandal world's hard, hob-nailed boots, she alone it is who can release the crushed and half-strangled flowers and bring them back to life."

*The woman's voice without is again heard in rancorous dispute with a man's.*

ALLSTON.—A method of floriculture evidently little known or encouraged in this neighborhood! (*Impatiently.*) Pshaw! what right has Jack Russell to dangle his alleged happiness in my face! Does he think that his miserable soap-bubbles, filled with the plentiful air of boyish infatuation, will last for ever? I can almost feel the damp spurt of their collapse in the air now, and all their splendor vanishes in a disc of suds on the wall. Aurora Woodstock is a tartar, and Jack Russell has got to bend before her; if he does it gracefully, his course may be smooth, but if he rebels against his subjection and responds to the blows of Omphale's slipper, this (*nodding toward the door, through which the scolding voice is plainly audible with the sound of slapping and an infant's protest*) is the sort of thing he is in for. There will be plenty of hot water for soap-bubbles, but he will scarcely have the heart to blow them. The deluded boy will yet come to his old friend and be thankful to resume—even for an hour—the old life of peaceful bachelorhood.

*He lays the letter on the table and again walks to the door, reaching his hand out, as before.*

Oh, dear! I wish the rain would cease, and I could get along on my journey. This is one of those awful moments when the veil seems to be lifted and all the sadness of the world stands out without a mitigating circumstance. Jack may be right—though what I have observed would not incline me to think so. Perhaps a wife would help to cheer me up and exorcise the demon of cynicism which has taken possession of me uninvited, and for which I have no liking. (*He returns to the chair and picks up the letter, re-reading a part of it.*) "The only gardener for a man's heart is a wife, and when all the bloom has been trampled upon by the vandal world's hard, hob-nailed boots, she alone it is who can release the crushed and half-strangled flowers and bring them back to life." A wife, at all events, has added to Jack's vocabulary, which until now was not copious, except in the slang of "puts," "calls" and "straddles." . . . But I wish he hadn't mentioned Clara Smithwick.

What a girl Clara was, though! If Aurora Woodstock were something like her, Jack's chances for happiness would be much greater than they are. My destiny was in her hands. I've never seen anyone who has touched me as she did—I worshiped Clara! There was something absolutely superior to most women in her; she had dignity, too, but it was not accompanied by such obvious condescension as Aurora shows. Ah! how mild and tremulously tender and reliant she was!—how beautifully peace shone in her blue-gray eyes!—what a comfort it was to be anywhere near her! But she had a temper; I am compelled to admit that she *had* a temper. It was not irascibility, but a sort of explosive fanaticism. I never guessed that she had it until after that freedom dinner of Tom Burton's—who would expect to find gunpowder stored in a Salviati vase?—but then, how it burst forth and scattered ashes over the fair Pompei of my youthful dreams! It was all because the Burgundy had been so good at Tom's dinner, nothing more sinful than that. Her father and mother would have overlooked the matter, but she was as implacable as Othello. "I love thee, Cassio; but never more be officer of mine." I saw her only once again. Her father had died then, leaving her unprovided for, and she was going out West to join some agricultural relatives. Poor girl! I hope she's been successful. I hope she's happy!

*He rises and goes to the door.*

I say, don't do that! (*Angrily.*) That embryo of Belial is teasing Vixen. (*Calling.*) Now, leave my horse alone, please. Ah, his mother's thrashing him, and he, not inappropriately, is chaffing her, while the sulky head of the family growls at both. (*A scuffle is heard without.*) Oh, Jack Russell, if you could only see what I have under my eyes while I read your letter on domestic bliss!

*He sits down again and resumes the reading of Jack Russell's letter. After looking it over for a minute or two he discovers something in it which causes him to start.*

Why, how strange! (*Reads.*) "Speaking of Clara Smithwick, by the way, Aurora and I were at a ball given by the American Minister, and there we met Mrs. Randolph P. Lasalle, of Chicago, Clara's old friend. You

remember her as Bessie Vinton, of course. She gave us a long and most distressing story about Clara, who is very seriously reduced in circumstances, so much reduced, and altogether so unhappily situated, that she has every occasion to regret dismissing you as she did. Your error was only a venial offense, Clifford. You simply allowed yourself to be betrayed by the 'liquified velvet,' as you called Tom Burton's Chambertin. I remember the whole thing very well—"

ALLSTON (*log.*)—Your memory's too good, confound it! (*Continues reading.*)

"I remember the whole thing very well; and if she had been as mild as she looked, she would have been more lenient with you. I am always suspicious of light-haired and blue-eyed girls, especially when the blue has a touch of gray in it; they are usually ill-tempered. Give me a brunette—"

ALLSTON.—You've got one; heaven help you!

—"a brunette, whose passion is like a thunderstorm on a mountain, not the envenomed peevishness which wrecks itself in narrow-minded spite."

ALLSTON.—Wait until you are caught in one of Aurora's thunderstorms, and then write to me again.

—"However, I must tell you about Clara Smithwick. She married most strangely a young farmer out in Minnesota somewhere, a man who was in every way her inferior, and who has added to the disadvantages he possessed as a suitor the thriftlessness and impermanence which are ruinous in the head of a family. (Aurora and I intend to settle down and wait for our silver wedding-day when this European trip is over.) He has dragged her after him into nearly every Territory, and put her to every sort of drudgery. He has tried farming in Iowa, Nebraska and California; shopkeeping in Leadville, and mining everywhere. I never cared much for Clara Smithwick, and if you will excuse my candor (as you always have done, old fellow), I never could understand your infatuation with her; but I must say that I admire the high sense of duty which has bound her through thick and thin to such a man as her husband is. If you go out West to look after those timberlands of yours, you may see her; and if Mr. Ran-



dolph P. Lasalle's account is correct, the sight of her will banish any lingering sentiment in that direction which you may have. Under any circumstances she would not seem the same to the mature man of the world as she did to the boy just out of college sixteen years ago. That is obvious. But she has changed more than you can imagine—"

ALLSTON (*sadly*).—Poor girl! Jack Russell is positively insolent in writing in this way. (*Continues reading.*)

—"She is now in Wisconsin."

ALLSTON.—In Wisconsin!

—"And, as I say, if you go to look after those timber-lands of yours, you may see her. She is living in Winnebago County,—"

ALLSTON.—Why, *this* is Winnebago County!

—"at an isolated farm house, twelve miles north of Omro."

ALLSTON (*starting to his feet*).—*Here!* Oh, I see it all, now. (*The shrill complaining voice is again heard without.*) This (*looking out of the door and speaking very sadly*)—this is Clara Smithwick. Oh, Clara, how changed! Time has, indeed, been hard with you, and robbed you of all enchantment. I'm inclined to think you have often found juster cause for anger than in your

young lover's folly. Ah, she's boxing that young beggar's ears again! By Jove, what a shrew she seems!—how utterly my angel is translated! But who could fail to be embittered after such a life as she has led? the wonder is that the poor girl's alive. Now, if she had married me (*he speaks slowly, as if in doubt*)—if she had married me, it perhaps would have been different—I *think* it would have been different; she might have plucked the weeds out of this impoverished heart of mine. . . . But (*very decidedly*) she had a temper; and, well, if I've not won, it may be that I have not lost. She's coming this way. (*He is embarrassed.*) Shall I speak to her? shall I reveal myself? No, no; it would be painful—it would be an insult to recognize her now. (*Puts on his gloves and takes up his riding-whip, as if to depart.*) The rain has ceased, and I can go. There! that precious husband of hers is finding fault again, and, Jupiter! how she rails at him in return! Ah, there's safety in celibacy.

*The sun strikes across the landscape as Allston, sighing, lights a cigar and passes out of the door. His voice is heard uttering thanks for the shelter he has had, and the curtain falls.*

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

## THE QUESTION OF MEDICAL ETHICS.

PERHAPS no subject in medical politics has awakened so much interest in the professional as well as in the lay mind of late years as the action of the Medical Society of the State of New York, in regard to the code of ethics which has heretofore guided the profession of medicine in its intercourse with the public and individual members of the profession. But as there seems to be a lack of clearness in the public mind as to the causes and objects of the movement, I shall endeavor in this paper to explain why the Medical Society of the State of New York acted in the matter without waiting for the American Medical Association's co-operation.

In 1806, the Legislature of the State of New York passed an act to incorporate medical societies for the purpose of regulat-

ing the practice of physic and surgery in this State, granting among other privileges the right to make their own by-laws, etc. "Provided, That such by-laws, rules and regulations, made by the Society of the State of New York, be not contrary to, nor inconsistent with, the constitution and laws of this State or of the United States, and that the by-laws, rules and regulations of the respective counties shall not be repugnant to the by-laws, rules and regulations of the Medical Society of the State of New York, nor contrary to, nor inconsistent with, the constitution and laws of this State or of the United States.

In 1813 this act was amended, but without altering this section about by-laws, which remained the same as the law of 1806 originally made it. Under this right, and in vir-

tue of this by-law, the Medical Society of the State of New York drew up in 1823 a code of ethics which was adopted by the State and county societies. This code, with some slight alterations made in 1832, remained, up to 1882, the code of ethics of the medical profession of the State of New York, when its place was taken by the instrument now generally known as the "New Code." At the time of, and for many years after, the adoption of this code, the American Medical Association was not in existence—was not thought of.

In 1848\* the association first came before the medical public, and then as a purely voluntary body; it has no charter nor articles of incorporation, and its only qualifications for membership is an adherence to its code of ethics, a remarkable document, collated from various sources, but principally from the letters of Dr. T. Percival, of England, to his son, who was about entering the profession of medicine, and designed by him as a guide for the young man's footsteps in his early professional life. These rules were printed in or about the year 1760, and however well adapted for the time and country in which they were written, rapidly became obsolete not only abroad, but in the United States as well. This code, then, is the only test which is required for admission as a delegate to the American Medical Association, for the delegates is the real association, the permanent members not being allowed to vote, nor to have any voice in the management of affairs. In fact, the association is nothing but a convention of physicians from the different States of the Union, and is not a representative scientific body. Indeed, the amount of scientific good accomplished by this organization is so small as to provoke a smile of derision whenever it is mentioned in the presence of those who are judges of the matter. Nor is it a confederation from which no member can withdraw

without the consent of the rest, but a voluntary union in the nature of a partnership, where a member or society is not required or expected to remain unless he or it wishes to, and from which resignation is perfectly in order when a State society feels it is no longer for its interest to subscribe to the by-laws of the larger association. The cry raised against the State Society of secession is childish and silly, and hardly worth the trouble of refuting. Thus, when the New York Society had the new code under discussion, the point was distinctly laid before the body that the adoption of the code meant withdrawal from the American Medical Association. And the society said amen.

It knew perfectly well what was needed for its own interest, and was also aware that it was competent to regulate its own affairs to suit itself. If the matter was referred to the American Medical Association it would be simply as a compliment, not as a duty, and should it be done, there was every reason to expect from a former decision of the association and from the present complexion of the Judicial Council of the same body, that the suggestion would not receive the slightest recognition. Hence, it would be a waste of time to do so. All that the Medical Society of the State of New York did was to alter its own by-law, known as the code of ethics, which it had a perfect right to do, as this by-law was one made by itself and not derived from nor made for it by the American Medical Association. It could not, nor did it propose to change the code of this latter body.

The reasons for making this change were that the existing code was inoperative, was arbitrary and commanded neither the respect of the profession of the State nor of the public at large. Moreover, it was inconsistent with the laws of the State, inasmuch as it strove to decide that certain classes of practitioners whom the State declared to be legal practitioners of medicine were not so, and it held that any physician of the "regular" school of medicine who should consult with these men were guilty of an infraction of the code of ethics and amenable to discipline and, if need be, subject to expulsion from the county medical society to which such member belonged. In some cases, such

\* The American Medical Association was organized in New York city, May 5, 1846, as the National Medical Convention, on a call of the Medical Society of the State of New York. One of the most active promoters and, perhaps, the founder of the association, was Dr. N. S. Davis, then of New York State, now of Illinois. It was reorganized May 5, 1847, and its name changed to the one it now bears. The first annual meeting was held in Baltimore, May 2, 1848. (*N. Y. Medical Record*, June 2, 1883; the *Medical Register*, of New York, etc., vol. xx.)

discipline was inflicted, and when the cases were brought before the courts of law, the law reinstated the member thus disciplined and declared the action of the society illegal. And more than all this, it was an open secret that the code in this and other sections was broken, day after day, by physicians who claimed to be staunch supporters of the code, without any discipline being inflicted, because it was known that to attempt punishment would be to invite defeat. And this conviction was not one suddenly arrived at, but had been for some time forced upon the profession of this State in many ways, notably by the progress which had been made by ignorant and uneducated men in obtaining recognition from the State as legally qualified physicians, because the educated and intelligent members of the profession were negligent of the higher and better aims of medical education and seemed to be careless about insisting upon some common standard of medical attainments instead of an adherence to a lot of silly and ineffective rules about deportment and etiquette which nobody cared a straw about. Hence, all attempts to obtain legislative recognition and help for an improved and higher standard of medical qualifications is met with distrust, because the Legislature is afraid that it is asked to use the law to crush some rival sect in medicine instead of protecting the public from men who from ignorance of the rudiments of medicine, are positively dangerous to the public health.

In 1881, the Medical Society of the State of New York adopted the following resolution: "Resolved, That a special committee of five be appointed by the president, to be designated a 'Committee on the Code of Ethics,' whose duty it shall be to consider the whole question of desirable changes in the code, and who shall present to the society, at the session of 1882, such suggestions on this subject as their observations and investigations may direct." This resolution was adopted and the following gentlemen were appointed as a special committee, viz.: W. C. Wey, C. R. Agnew, S. O. Vanderpoel, W. S. Ely, and H. G. Piffard.

This committee made its report in 1882, at the meeting held in Albany, February 7, 8 and 9, through its chairman, Dr. W. C.

Wey. The report, after an animated debate, was finally accepted by a vote of fifty-two to eighteen. The clause in the new code which gave offense is the one in the second section headed "Rules governing consultations," and which reads as follows:

"Members of the Medical Society of the State of New York and of the medical societies in affiliation therewith, may meet in consultation legally qualified practitioners of medicine. Emergencies may occur in which all restrictions should, in the judgment of the practitioner, yield to the demands of humanity."

After the passage of this code no opposition, at least no open or avowed objection was made; on the contrary, nearly all who were spoken to on the matter said the move was a wise one, in view of the fact that the old code had been practically a dead instrument for a long time, and the best, indeed, the only thing to do with it, was to bury it decently out of sight. The two best known and most influential medical journals of this city, the *Medical Record* and the *Medical Journal*, also agreed that the course of the State Society was a sensible one. But a journal in a neighboring city speedily made itself conspicuous by its loud-mouthed abuse of the action of the State Society, and had the bad taste, to call it by no worse name, to ascribe the movement to the greed of a few specialists of New York city, who, in their anxiety to increase their professional incomes, were willing and ready to drag the good name of Medicine through the dirt by consulting with homœopaths and any other irregular physician, and had combined to engineer this movement through the State Society in an underhanded manner. Some few journals in the country at large followed suit, but to the credit of American medical journalism be it said, there were but few which adopted these indecent tactics. The New York men kept silence, feeling certain that when the stream of abuse was exhausted, the profession throughout the States would, upon inquiry, admit the wisdom of the action of the Medical Society of the State of New York, and that it would only be a question of time when other States would follow the lead of New York. At the meeting of 1882, the same one which passed

the new code, notice was given that this question would be brought up again at the meeting to be held in 1883, as it was contended by the few opponents of the liberal movement that the profession at large was not at heart in favor of the movement. In 1883 the question was again brought forward before the society at one of the largest meetings which had been held in many years, and the question of sustaining the liberal policy of the previous year was upheld by a vote of 105 in favor of to 99 against. To appreciate the meaning of this vote, it should be remembered that a two-third vote was requisite to reverse the action of the previous year, and not only was this wanting, but a majority was not even obtained. Moreover, the opponents of the new code were organized, while the other side was not, so that this vote indicated the spontaneous feeling of the medical profession in the State. Notwithstanding the action of the past two years, this question will have to be brought up again at the next meeting of the society for, let it be hoped, final action. In the meantime, the opponents of the liberal movement are doing their best to bring about a reversal of the vote of 1882 and 1883, but their cause is a hopeless one, for the simple reason that it is opposed to public sentiment and the better judgment of the medical profession in this State.

Before closing this paper, which was written to place the matter of the code in its true light before the non-medical portion of the community, who, from necessity, are not and cannot be conversant with the merits of the controversy, let me refute the principal arguments which have been urged against the new code. They are, first, that this new code is a formal recognition of irregular practitioners; and second, that it degrades the fair name of Medicine by rendering consultations a farce.

As regards the first accusation, there is nothing in the code, for the clause which I have quoted contains the whole front of our offending, which directly or indirectly admits or acknowledges the truth of any medical dogma, or recognizes irregular practice. All it says is this: "You, gentlemen, who are members of the Medical Society of the State

of New York, and of the county societies in affiliation with this society, are capable of upholding the honor and good name of your profession without needing a code such as has been in force in the profession for some time back, and which code has too often turned to the discredit of medicine by instructing its upholders to refuse their professional assistance to the sick, because the physician in attendance happens to differ with you upon certain points of medical opinion, thus putting you in a false light, and calling your reputation for humanity into serious question. We believe that such points can be best left to your own sound discretion, and the circumstances of each individual case to decide; and so believing, we leave it for you to decide them untrammelled by any set rules. Besides, if our own views of medical treatment are the correct ones, we can prove the point better in meeting the opposite views by a successful application of our own practice than by folding our hands in scorn, and declining to perform the first duty of every medical man, the relief of pain and suffering, no matter who the sufferer may be. We, therefore, give you individual liberty of action to consult or not, as you think best, with anyone who may ask your assistance."

As to the second accusation, that the new code degrades the good name of medicine by making a farce of consultations. This is based upon the assumption that a medical consultation is an interchange of opinions, and if such opinions vary the consultation must be a farce. This definition is erroneous, and none the less so because it is specious in character. Consultation is defined by Worcester to be, 1st, the act of consulting; a deliberation; 2d, a council or meeting of persons to consult together, as of physicians. Now, as a matter of fact, a medical consultation is not called for until the attending physician has exhausted his own resources without benefiting his patient. He then seeks a brother-physician and asks him to advise what further can be done for the patient's benefit, detailing at the same time what he himself has done. In other words, a consultation is a request for assistance, not for an interchange of views as to any given case. How then can it degrade medicine to

have an "irregular" ask a physician to give his assistance because he (the irregular) has got out of his depth? Is it not rather a compliment; an acknowledgment that the physician knows more, and must it not redound to the credit of scientific medicine in the eyes of the believers in the "pathy?" I believe there can be but one answer.

Whether the present code stands or whether, as seems more than probable all written codes be swept away, makes but little difference. The axe has been laid at the root of a monstrous medical folly, not the first one, perhaps, that medical men have had to cry "Peccavimus" over, and the one insuperable obstacle to medical progress is

on the point of being removed. When that is accomplished, than the profession of medicine can insist that what shall constitute admission to the ranks of medicine shall be, not a subservient adherence to any set of trivial and childish rules and intolerance of the opinions of others, but education, talent, character and personal worth. Then medicine will occupy the position to which it is entitled, and, when it does, let it be remembered of New York State, that she was the first to take by the throat a code of ethics, the tendency of which is to make the old physician a bully, the young one a hypocrite.

F. R. STURGIS, M.D.

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### DIRGE.

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Sing low with tears; my love is dead;  
Cover her eyes, their light is fled,  
But deathless memory crowns her head,  
Forevermore.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Over thy grave the blossoms swell,  
Snow-white lily and asphodel,  
Violet fair and pale blue-bell,  
Forevermore.

Slowly-dying sunset's flame  
Kisses warm thy marble name,  
All that's left of thy fair fame,  
Forevermore.

From that sunset in the west  
Shadows fall across thy breast;  
They will not disturb thy rest,  
Forevermore.

In the tomb's abysmal deep,  
Fold thy feeble hands to sleep;  
Mellow moonbeams o'er thee weep,  
Forevermore.

W. J. HENDERSON.



NARINSKA.

She is fair as driven snow ;  
                                     Narinska !  
 And her cheeks are all aglow ;  
                                     Oh, Narinska !  
 Then her hands are soft as down,  
 And her hair is wavy brown ;  
 It would shame a monarch's crown,  
                                     Oh, Narinska !

CHORUS—She dances to the music of the troika bells,  
             And her voice is soft as any silver chime ;  
 Her wavy hands are dainty fair as sea-pink shells,  
             And the Czar has never lady half so fine.

When the snowy pine-trees droop,  
                                     Narinska !  
 Gathered in a gloomy group,  
                                     Oh, Narinska !  
 When the singing birds are mute,  
 And the voice of man and brute,  
 Thine is sweet as any lute,  
                                     Oh, Narinska !

In the presence of the Czar,  
                                     Narinska !  
 Where the royal ladies are,  
                                     Oh, Narinska !  
 There is none with form like thine,  
 None whose eyes are so divine,  
 Challenging the love of mine,  
                                     Oh, Narinska !

And the saints can never say,  
                                     Narinska !  
 What I whispered yesterday,  
                                     Oh, Narinska !  
 For I turned them, great and small,  
 With their faces to the wall,  
 And they could not hear at all,  
                                     Oh, Narinska !

I would clasp thee to my breast,  
                                     Narinska !  
 And would bid thee ever rest,  
                                     Oh, Narinska !  
 And the blessing of the priest,  
 And the merry marriage feast,  
 Of our joys should be the least,  
                                     Oh, Narinska !

WALDO MESSAROS.

## Recent Literature.

He who reads many books is apt to doubt whether it is better for an author to have something to say or to have nothing to say and know how to say it. To have things worth the telling, and yet possess the art of telling them, is something by no means common among "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" in our day. Him who unites these qualities we do well to prize, and there are few authors with better right to be prized on this account than Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, whose "Travels with a Donkey" caused Philip Gilbert Hamerton to remark that Stevenson "is, in his way, one of the most perfect writers living." He has increased the obligations we are under to him by *An Inland Voyage*,\* which records the adventures of himself and a friend during a trip in two canoes on the Sambre and down the Oise. From Antwerp it was that they started. Their mode of locomotion in canoes did not always inspire respect, as, for instance, at La Fère, where they arrived in the midst of a pouring rain, and with anticipations of a capital dinner at an inn of which they had been told. But the landlady of the inn took them for peddlers, and turned them out of her house in short order, feeling, like the barber in "Nicholas Nickleby," that it was necessary to draw a line somewhere. Amusing, indeed, is the indignation of the writer at this treatment. His companion "particularized a complaint for every joint in the landlady's body." But, after much searching, they found an inn at the other end of the town, where they got a good deal more than they bargained for. "There was nothing in the bill for the husband's pleasant talk, nor for the pretty spectacle of their married life. And there was yet another item uncharged. For these people's politeness really set us up again in our own esteem." And so the book goes on, full of freshness and grace and gaiety and humanity from cover to cover. A sweeter philosophy of human nature was never set forth. As we close the little volume we think better of our kind, and perceive more clearly how easy it is to bear with the faults and failings of those with whom we come in contact. To the beauties of everyday life, to

which so many of us are blind, Mr. Stevenson makes us more alive. "If we were charged so much a head for sunsets, or if a drum was sent round before the hawthorns came in flower, what a work should we not make about their beauty." All the charm of a landscape does he set before us with a few graphic touches, and his lines are as poetical as they are true. His readers will do more than like him; they will love him and be grateful, let us hope, for one of the most delightful books of the year.

As a clear, concise exposition of military operations, the United States now possess a narrative worthy to rank with that of the first great military triumvir and historian, and with those of the great modern war critic, Jomini, without the usual supplementary dissertations of the latter, which were precluded by the space accorded. We allude to the twelfth volume of the Scribners' military treatises upon the Civil War, covering *The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65*,\* by Major-General A. A. Humphreys, who, as Division Commander, as Chief of Staff of the Army of the Potomac and as commander of the Second—in reality the combined Second and Third Corps—"performed actions worthy of Cæsar," and now relates what he prepared, directed, supervised or performed with an ability, clearness and terseness that rival the commentaries of the Roman historian. General Humphreys' work begins with the plunge into the blood-bath of the Wilderness; carries the reader through the bloody gap from the Rapidan to the James; then through the siege of Petersburg, and the last "Grand Hunt" to Appomattox Court House—eleven months of incessant labors, sufferings and conflicts almost unparalleled in the annals of war. The fight in the Wilderness is one that can scarcely be conceived by anyone who did not participate. The collisions of skirmish lines almost amounted to what are classed as "affairs;" the conflicts of wings of the army to battles of the first class, and the whole

\* *An Inland Voyage*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

\* *Campaigns of the Civil War. XII. The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65. The Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James*. By Andrew A. Humphreys, Brigadier-General, Brevet Major-General and Chief of Engineers, United States Army. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

equaled a truceless grand battle of nearly the period of agony which intervened between the preparation of the orders due to Humphreys down to the reception of the correspondence for surrender, of which the majority passed through his lines. The initiative in "the Wilderness" recalls the pregnant sentences of Michelet, master of laconic comprehensiveness, in his description of Rocroy (xvii., 278, etc.). He styles the Duke d'Enghien's prelude "*Operation assez scabreuse*" (a tough-enough job), and as he develops the action, he appears to be describing Grant's pushing and pulling beyond the Rapidan River and limit, so often fatal to the Union expectations. And again (*Ibid.*, chap. xix.), he seems in Grant to be reviving the obstinate Condé. At page 296 his paragraph is most pertinent: "We lost much more than Mercy (Lee). But the moral result was prodigious! Europe stood aghast before the docility of the French (Union) soldier, who obeyed to such a degree as to be willing to assault the impossible. Europe stood aghast, indeed, at the tenacious courage, calm yet fierce, pitiless cruelty of that man (Condé, summer of 1644; Grant, summer of 1864), who buried a world there of soldiers, officers, all his friends, rather than loosen his hold." Type of "fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Humphreys' book, covering 344 days of mutual slaughter, is condensed into 400 12mo pages, a miracle of brain-alembic resolution. It cannot be read as a novel, but it will repay the careful perusal of a student. It is a revelation, and justifies the remark of a military expert, critic, historian, and soldier, that if Napoleon had crossed the Niemen in 1812, with such an army as Grant carried across the Rapidan in 1864—an army flexible as a Toledo blade and capable of the rigidity of a mace of adamant, adaptive, self-supplying, all-sufficient in valor and fortitude—he could have gone to Moscow and St. Petersburg triumphantly, and the knell of the Czar had sounded, the history of Russia had closed. Whoever reads Humphreys' volume will appreciate this.

Fifty years ago, Maria Edgeworth was still a name to conjure with in the realm of fiction. At that time her novels had enjoyed considerable length of life, for "Castle Rackrent" appeared in 1800. But, it is safe to say, that her stories have ceased to be read. In the last half century they would have passed into absolute oblivion, had not dim recollection of their existence been preserved by the memories which

cluster around the name of the author. During her long life of more than eighty-two years, she knew most of the famous literary people of her time, and mention of her in their diaries and letters is frequent. Scott praised Miss Edgeworth's novels highly, and no doubt sincerely. They do possess qualities which he and other competent critics found in them—humor, pathos, imagination, and descriptive power. But with these qualities was joined a weakness, to which the decay of her stories is due. She had an amiable desire to do her readers good and aid in their moral and mental improvement. She was not artist enough to perceive that her end could be attained by the force of her narrative and the action of her characters alone; and, consequently, she makes them preach. People will stand sermons in church, but not elsewhere. And thus it is that Miss Edgeworth's admirers will have naught to do with her books. But the memory of so estimable a person ought not to die, and Mrs. Grace A. Oliver deserves thanks for her *Study of Maria Edgeworth*,\* of which the third edition has appeared. There was no adequate account of Mrs. Edgeworth until Mrs. Oliver took the matter in hand, and she has collected with great care and diligence everything that can shed light on the life and character of the Irish novelist, including notices of her father and friends. She owed much to her father, and he was a noteworthy person. With his four wives and seventeen children, he is an interesting figure in Mrs. Oliver's pages. One of his sons—a brother of Maria—settled in North Carolina. Whether his descendants are still living there, Mrs. Oliver does not inform us. Mrs. Oliver, with her pleasant style, the judicious arrangement of her matter, her restraint in praise and her fine taste, has done much to keep alive the memory of Miss Edgeworth. The well-made volume has several portraits, views of the exterior and interior of Edgeworthstown House, and, best of all, a complete index.

To the many books which have appeared attempting to portray the life of the Founder of Christianity, from various points of view, has been added another, by some one who sees fit to hide his personality under the designation of "A Layman." He tells his readers in the preface that it had been for many years his cherished purpose to examine, "without prejudice or prepossession," the authentic documents on which

\* *A Study of Maria Edgeworth. With Notices of her Father and Friends.* By Grace A. Oliver. Third edition. Boston. A. Williams & Co.

are founded the traditions of the origin of Christianity, and to ascertain what they indicate in reference to the character, opinions and controlling purposes of its Founder. Having at length leisure, this "Layman" has employed it writing the book before us, entitled *Jesus: His Opinions and Character*.<sup>\*</sup> The writer's conclusions lead him to divest his subject of everything in the slightest degree supernatural. Two of his chapters are entitled "Legend of the Miracles" and "Legend of the Resurrection." Moreover, the doctrines which obtain with those called "orthodox," "Layman" finds no warrant for. Upon the whole, however, the volume seems the effort of a careful, painstaking man, sincerely desirous of finding out the truth, and with the courage of his convictions.

Accounts of Italy by our countrymen are many. But very few of them have had the opportunities for observation of Mr. James Jackson Jarves, whose long residence in that land has made him as familiar with the nooks and corners—of Northern Italy, at least—as with the places which every tourist sees. The prolonged stay of Mr. Jarves abroad has borne fruit in various journals and periodicals of the United States and Europe in bygone years. And some of his papers he has combined with new matter in a well-made little volume, *Italian Rambles*.<sup>†</sup> Its other title, "Studies of Life and Manners in New and Old Italy," describes the book exactly. Mr. Jarves' papers take a wide range, although he does not take us into Southern Italy. Tuscany, and Venice, and Ravenna make up the staple of his talk about places. But, then, it is Venice in the summer time, when few Americans see it, and when it is quite a different place from the Venice of other seasons. Mr. Jarves is an agreeable writer, but he is particularly agreeable when discoursing on Italian domestics, Italian training, and comparing New and Old World manners.

Professor Duncan has devoted two volumes of a series bearing the name of *The Heroes of Science*,<sup>‡</sup> to the astronomers and naturalists. In the first volume he gives a clear and

compact account of the lives of the chief astronomers, connecting them with their principal discoveries. Although mathematics play such an important part in astronomy, the writer has succeeded in demonstrating the nature and value of these discoveries without involving his readers in abstruse and lengthy calculations. The chapters on Newton and Herschel have considerable biographical interest. The second volume treats of the naturalists. Professor Duncan has chosen an acceptable method of presenting his subject to the popular mind. While appealing directly to this class, much valuable information is conveyed in his work. He has not under-estimated the power of such examples as Herschel, Newton, Cuvier and others upon youthful students. The advance of botany from its infancy in curious myths and legends to maturity is noted, beginning with Linnæus and ending with a chapter on M. de Candolle, the founder of the new system of plant classification. Zoology and geology are also well treated. There is much to commend in the plan and performance of Professor Duncan's work.

Much has been written of the Indian character by those who generalized from a trip across the Plains or a single campaign against some rebellious tribe. The experiences of Captain Poole as an Indian agent *Among the Sioux of Dakota*<sup>\*</sup> are much more worthy transcription. He was sent from Washington in 1869 to the Sioux Reservation at Whetstone Creek, Dakota Territory, and during a residence of eighteen months made himself thoroughly familiar with the Indian character. When Spotted Tail and Swift Bear, chiefs of the Sioux, were invited to Washington to lay their grievances before the President and the Interior Department, Captain Poole was chosen to accompany them. The details of this tour and the effect of the sights of civilization on the stolid Indian character are among the most entertaining chapters of the work. The author makes many pertinent suggestions that the Interior Department would do well to heed in dealing with the untractable tribes of the frontier.

Mr. Titus Munson Coan is well known as a contributor to periodicals, but he has shown himself besides an efficient editor in the first of a series of representative essays on questions of the day, collected under the general title, "Topics of the Time." This first volume is

<sup>\*</sup> *Jesus: His Opinions and Character*. The New Testament Studies of a Layman. Boston: George H. Ellis. 1883.

<sup>†</sup> *Italian Rambles*. Studies of Life and Manners in New and Old Italy. By James Jackson Jarves. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

<sup>‡</sup> *Heroes of Science*. By Professor P. Martin Duncan. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

<sup>\*</sup> *Among the Sioux of Dakota*. By Captain D. C. Poole. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

devoted to *Social Problems*,\* and contains eight pregnant and forcible essays by European writers who have treated topics of the first importance. A gloomy picture is painted by *Blackwood's Magazine* in "Europe in Straits." And generally, it must be said, that the shrewd observers and practised pens here represented hold out by no means a cheerful future for the Old World. But if this matter is not exactly entertaining, it is decidedly instructive, and should be read and pondered by everyone who wishes to get some estimate of what is in store for Europe.

There are a number of books giving directions how to treat accidents to and sudden maladies in the human system, but nearly all of these books err on the rule of being too voluminous. The directions are so many that no one can recollect them or even turn to them readily at a moment's warning. Dr. Charles W. Dulles, of Philadelphia, has proved himself wiser in his generation, and prepared a booklet, *What to do First*,† which has the capital qualities of being clear, concise and brief. He judiciously advises that a doctor be sent for as soon as possible, but pending the doctor's arrival, gives simple and practicable instructions as to what ought to be done to bridge over the interval. And the good sense of the author is shown by his injunction to do what is known to be helpful when the urgency is pressing, but, when one is not sure, to do nothing. The handy little volume, which has some illustrations, has been so well received that a new edition has just been issued, and its usefulness is increased by its full index, and its typography so arranged that leading lines catch the eye.

If you want to visit this summer the headwaters of the Mississippi, Missouri, Columbia and Colorado all at once, it is an easy thing to do. All these headwaters are found close together, and the spot is only about 2,400 miles away, a mere *bagatelle* in these days of rapid locomotion. In the Yellowstone National Park these rivers have their birth; and how to get there, what it will cost, and what there is to be seen, can be ascertained by an inspection of

a handy, neatly printed and profusely illustrated manual, entitled *The Yellowstone National Park*,\* prepared by Mr. Henry J. Winsor. According to this manual, the trip can be comfortably made at a moderate expense, and there are no end of natural wonders to repay a visit.

The *Boston Herald* is a paper we rarely see, but if it has many contributors like Mr. Francis Tiffany, it will do wisely to hold on to them. This gentleman has made a collection of essays, some of which were contributed to the *Herald*, under the title *Bird Bolts*,† and shrewd and entertaining are these observations on men, manners and things. The comely little book contains not a little wit, wisdom and common-sense. The thirty-three brief essays in the book are all readable and refreshing. Their humor and homely phraseology go straight to the mark, and their philosophy is as sound and sweet as heart can desire. Some of the titles of the papers are most alluring. Every one will be curious to know what follows "Were our Ancestors Fools?" "How to Kindle Fires," and "One Guinea and Five Guinea Monkeys."

In these days of realistic novels, when authors seem bent principally on depicting disagreeable phases of human character in all their ugliness and deformity, one sometimes concludes that the old romance—which dealt with noble qualities and beings superior to the every-day run of mortals—is dead. But everyone will find that the old romance is not dead, but sleeping, who has the good fortune to fall in with *Doctor Claudius*.‡ Here we find in the hero the spirit of ancient knighthood leavening the worldly wisdom of modern times—the imagination of the poet adorning without impairing. It is a long time, indeed, since there has sprung from the brain of the story-writer such a man as the Doctor, with his hearty, wholesome nature. A match for him is the heroine, with her true womanliness and dignity, free from all affectation. The author, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, declares that the tale is a true one, and if he has known such beings in flesh and blood he is fortunate. Of Mr. Bellingham, it is said, the original was Mr. Samuel Ward, known to all

\* *Social Problems*. Edited by Titus Munson Coan. Topics of the Time. Number 1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

† *What to do First in Accidents and Emergencies*. A Manual Explaining the Treatment of Surgical and other Injuries in the Absence of the Physician. By Charles W. Dulles, M.D., Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co. 1883.

\* *The Yellowstone National Park*. A Manual for Tourists. By Henry J. Winsor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

† *Bird Bolts*: Shots on the Wing. By Francis Tiffany. Boston: George H. Ellis.

‡ *Doctor Claudius*. A True Story. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1883.



the world as Uncle Sam, and this gentleman has reason to be proud of the figure that he cuts in Mr. Crawford's pages. "There is a youth that bids defiance to age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's rough usage. There are they who have returned good for evil, not having learned it as a lesson of righteousness, but because they have no evil in them to return to others. Whom the gods love die young, and they die young because they never grow old. The poet who at the verge of death said this, said it of, and to, this very man"—that is to say, to Uncle Sam Ward. The tale has a fairly brisk movement, and holds the reader as by a spell. And lastly must be noticed the self-restraint of the author, for he does not tell us who Doctor Claudius really is or what is his real name.

Remembering the grace and finish of "Louisiana," a story which is like a bit of sculpture, and the dramatic force of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," we were prepared to enjoy with zest the latest production of Mrs. Burnett's pen, *Through One Administration*.\* In this work, however, we fail to find either the pathos or passion of her earlier productions. She seems in it to have forsaken the methods which have served her so well, and to have adopted in their stead the theories of what may be called the Modern School. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the pernicious influence of this school, when we see its effects upon such a writer as Mrs. Burnett. Her book is a kind of gospel of self-consciousness. Instead of the healthy emotions of a heroine like Louisiana or the unconscious effectiveness of Joan, we have in Mrs. Amory a type differing from these as a wax figure differs from a woman of flesh and blood. Indeed, we hardly know where to class this

product—we cannot say of Mrs. Burnett's imagination, for imagination there is none in the story. Mrs. Amory uses her moods as she does her gowns, carefully choosing the one most becoming to herself and the situation, and amid emotions of a highly complicated and perplexing nature, never relapses into a normal condition of mind or body. According to her theory, one has but to assume a white gown to be ingenuous, a purple one, with the proper combination of trimmings, to be subtle and mysterious, and a gray one to be neutral. Her continual posing before her select male audience suggests footlights, and—on occasion—slow music. Even when the scene shifts from the meretricious glitter of Washington society to the repose of the Virginia hills, she merely changes her part with it—it is a part still she is playing. "Forests and Silence and Nature" are the stage accessories; the heavy figure of Colonel Tredennis supplying the dramatic element. One can scarcely reconcile Tredennis' hysterical views of life with his fine *physique* and apparently good digestion. Mrs. Burnett's sympathy seems to be with Arbuthnot, of whom she has made a careful study. Many touches seem to indicate that "Through One Administration" is but a temporary aberration of mind on the part of the author, and encourage us to believe that she will speedily return to the method of treatment which has gained her reputation.

The story of *Martin the Skipper*\* is conscientiously told and has a good moral purpose, which is not so apparent as to frighten away the boys for whom it is written. It is not lacking in adventure. If it were it could not be called a boy's story. But the horrors are brought within the compass of a healthy imagination, and vice and virtue have their legitimate results.

\* *Through One Administration*. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

\* *Martin the Skipper*. James F. Cobb. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

## LAST YEAR'S CAMP.

Some blackened stones,  
Some battered cans,  
Some bleaching bones,  
Some lidless pans;  
A sunk canoe,  
A torn cravat,  
A mildewed shoe,  
A crownless hat;  
Some canvas strips,  
Some fluttering rags,  
Some heaps of chips,  
Some worn-out bags.

And these are all!  
No joyous Babel,  
No canvas hall,  
No groaning table;  
No cordial greeting  
My step attends,  
No welcome meeting  
Of long-loved friends;  
But for my pains  
And hard day's tramp—  
The sole remains  
Of last year's camp.

GUY HERNE.

## Town Talk.

June has become "Commencement" month. Purists protest against such a use of the word as a perversion of language, and declare it should be called "Ending." It was proper enough in years gone by, say they, for then it was at the commencement of the autumn term, after the long vacation, that those who had finished their college course said good-bye to their Alma Mater. Time has changed all this, and now it is at the close of the academic year that honors are awarded, the words of farewell spoken, and the student finally severs his connection with the institution where he has been nurtured.

It is not difficult, however, to defend this use of "Commencement" against all the purists in the world. For then commences a new life for thousands of those who are the flower of our young men. Then commenced for nearly all of them the struggles which are to make or mar the man—perhaps in these days of co-education of the sexes, we ought to say woman, too. But we will leave the gentler sex for the present out of consideration. Here commences, certainly, a new chapter in the lives of those whose future, as well as the future of others, must be deeply affected by the training of the immediate past. And if only this "commencement" could be displaced by its Saxon equivalent and be called "beginning," no better word need be asked for what it is intended to express.

It may not be easy to convince our purist friends of the propriety of the use of the word they condemn—for your purist is a very stubborn animal—but surely even they must readily concede the appositeness of the time of year in which commencements are held now. Formerly, it was always in the early autumn that these literary festivals took place. When the summer had past, and studies were about to begin again, the pupil returned to take leave of his preceptors, to deliver the part which had been in preparation during the vacation and receive the degree he had won. It took a long time to find out that this system put the student to a needless inconvenience and expense, and it may be supposed that it was principally for such economic reasons that a change was made. But there is

more poetry in human nature than those who pride themselves on being practical people are willing to concede. And it is fairly presumable that, blended with these motives of economy, there was a lurking sense of how well the early summer; with its glory and opulent promise, suits those in whom the rich wine of youth nourishes boundless hopes, and whose past studies may be expected to bear substantial fruit. The skies of September are, it is true, bright and cheering in our land, but they are not the skies of June. In that first month of summer, says one of the most beloved of our poets,

"Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

And so on one of those perfect days it is best for the young man to start forth to fight the battle of life. A great event is this step forward, and for its worthy celebration all the pomp of nature is none too much.

But to understand how great is the event we must go to some college town. The stranger who happens to be in Cambridge, New Haven, Hartford, or Princeton on Commencement Day, perceives that something unusual is taking place. There is a bustle in the streets, a stir even in the atmosphere, and the countenances of many whom he meets betoken that they have business of no little importance on hand. Silk gowns are worn with impressive dignity. There is music in the air as well as in the church. In the great cities nought of this is seen or heard. The din of traffic and the roar of the great multitude swallow up all gentler harmonies, and thus with three colleges in New York, the vast city may be said, as a whole, to know nothing of commencements. Yet of them there is abundant talk just now in homes not a few, and those the best homes in this vast congregation of human beings. For the son and brother is about to graduate at Harvard, or Yale, or Columbia, or Trinity, or Princeton, or elsewhere, and if the place of graduation be out of town, thither flock those who to whom he is dearest to witness his triumph—if triumph he has—and share in the joyous festivity of the moment. The path of the young soldier going out in life's battle

is strewn with flowers. He may well be excused if among all these affectionate greetings he imagines that the brilliant sunshine of such glad hours will never die away

"And fade into the light of common day."

That the telegraph has brought near together the ends of the earth has long ceased to excite remark. Use so dulls us to what we have every day, that the ability to outrun time with our messages is accepted as being as much a matter of course as the air we breathe. But there are occasions when, to those who reflect, the electric wire seems to be something more than a mere mechanical conveyer of messages, and to have vital force and be a continuation of the nerves of the human body, such control have the words it conveys over the emotions and affections. An instance of that was on Sunday, May 27. On that day, the long-deferred coronation of the Czar took place at Moscow. The interest in it on this side of the ocean arose partly from previous announcement of the preparations made for the spectacle, which stirred the imagination. The ruler of ninety millions of human beings, in a country extending from the Baltic to the Pacific and from the Black Sea and Central Asia to the frozen Siberia, was about to be formally crowned, with all possible pomp and splendor, and one object of this coronation was to tighten his hold upon the millions, whose master he claims to be.

A display of this kind is so rare and on so grand a scale, that it completely dwarfs all ordinary state ceremonials, and in proportion to its grandeur and rarity is its attractiveness to sight-seers. Hence, Moscow was more than crowded. It was densely packed, not only with Russian troops and police and Russians of all degrees, but with resident diplomats and special ambassadors from all the other Powers of Europe and a vast and heterogeneous throng of people from nearly every country under the sun. Such a cosmopolitan gathering is seldom seen, and then only on great occasions.

The pageantry was theatrical, but of proportions vastly beyond that to be seen elsewhere on the globe.

Yet behind all this barbaric pomp was something calculated to touch all feeling hearts. That

the Czar was in danger of his life was known to everyone, and whether the fools, who think assassination a remedy for the ills which afflict Russia, would try to murder the Emperor on his coronation day, was a question to which the answer was anxiously awaited. It was possible, it was even probable, that the spectacle would turn out a tragedy. It was nothing that every sensible person perceived that assassination would injure the cause which the Nihilists defend and greatly retard the consummation they desire. These people are bent on practising the gospel of murder, and any attempt to reason with them would be as absurd as to try to reason with brutes and savages. But there were apprehensions that on the coronation day they would try their schemes under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. It was not the Emperor alone who was likely to suffer. If the life of her who shares his throne was spared, the wife and mother was to be wounded in her tenderest affections by the sight of the husband and son torn in pieces before her eyes. That the potentate, in whose honor all this gorgeous spectacle was got up at Moscow, apprehended some such result was well known, and all this did far more than excite curiosity as to the result. It excited lively emotion and pitiful sympathy. For who can doubt that a woman's heart beats beneath the royal purple, and that to the Empress the loss of her throne would be nothing beside the loss of her husband?

Here, then, was in the drama a touch of nature which made the whole world kin. And during all that Sunday the hearts of thousands in New York seemed attached to the electric wire, and watched eagerly for the news that might come from distant Moscow. When the sun set, and the Sunday stillness had been disturbed by no cry of newsboy, it was certain that the day which had ended in the capital of Russia six hours before had passed without disaster, and that the coronation had not been interrupted by the threatened catastrophe. Thus at dinner-tables on that day in New York there was abundant talk of congratulation, and a sense of relief expressed even among those who have little sympathy with kings and emperors, and who would gladly see the Russian people their own masters and rid of the burden of despotism under which they groan.



## Salmagundi.

A COUNTRY ADVENTURE IN HIGH  
LIFE



Weary of society's pleasures, *he* flies to the country, there, in secluded nooks, to give himself up to poetry and nature.



*She*, also weary of the insincerity of the world of fashion, hides herself in the country to commune with art and nature.



He hears a cry of distress. Perhaps some one needs the help of a strong hand and courageous heart.



So he rushes madly to the rescue.



Just in time, for the treacherous bank has—so to speak—let her slide into the seething flood. With characteristic coolness and chivalry he prepares a rescue.



Saved! Saved!!!

The Fourth of July! It is now, alas! but little more than a name. Time was when the glorious Fourth was something worth looking forward to and something to be enjoyed when it came. Time was when the small boy might

leave home at early morn, with not an eye put out or a finger wanting, and return at night filled with patriotic fire and egg-nog, his face begrimed with powder, his raiment fluttering in the wind, and his eyes, ears and fingers scattered broadcast over a free and independent land. How different the present! No blessed noise, no ululating fish-horn, no opportunity for starting conflagrations with the dear old Chinese cracker or lopping off limbs with—Hold! what is this which rises like a concentrated memory of the past? What instrumentality is this which comes opportunely to the fore and tells us that the surgeon may not yet despair; that the undertaker need not forsake his calling; that the spirit of '76 still permeates the land; that the Fourth of July is not a dying echo of the dim past? It is the toy pistol. Let us thank Heaven and take courage! We are still a nation with a very big N, and the Fourth of July is, and ever shall be, the day of days!

#### THE INFORMAL COURTIER.

Courtier, in unpretending dress,  
Of all-excelling idleness,  
Though in new skins the serpents shine,  
I never change this garb of mine.

Yet grass-blades tell me, spring to spring,  
I, too, perennial brightness bring;  
I am received in sunny fields  
With all the smiles the season yields.

Young whirlwinds always ask me where  
They turn round dances in the air;  
And I am masker on the green  
When fire-fly lanterns light the scene.

The squirrel, sharp in tooth and eye,  
Salutes me as I saunter by;  
Yes, ere the robin starts her nest  
She asks which bough I think the best.

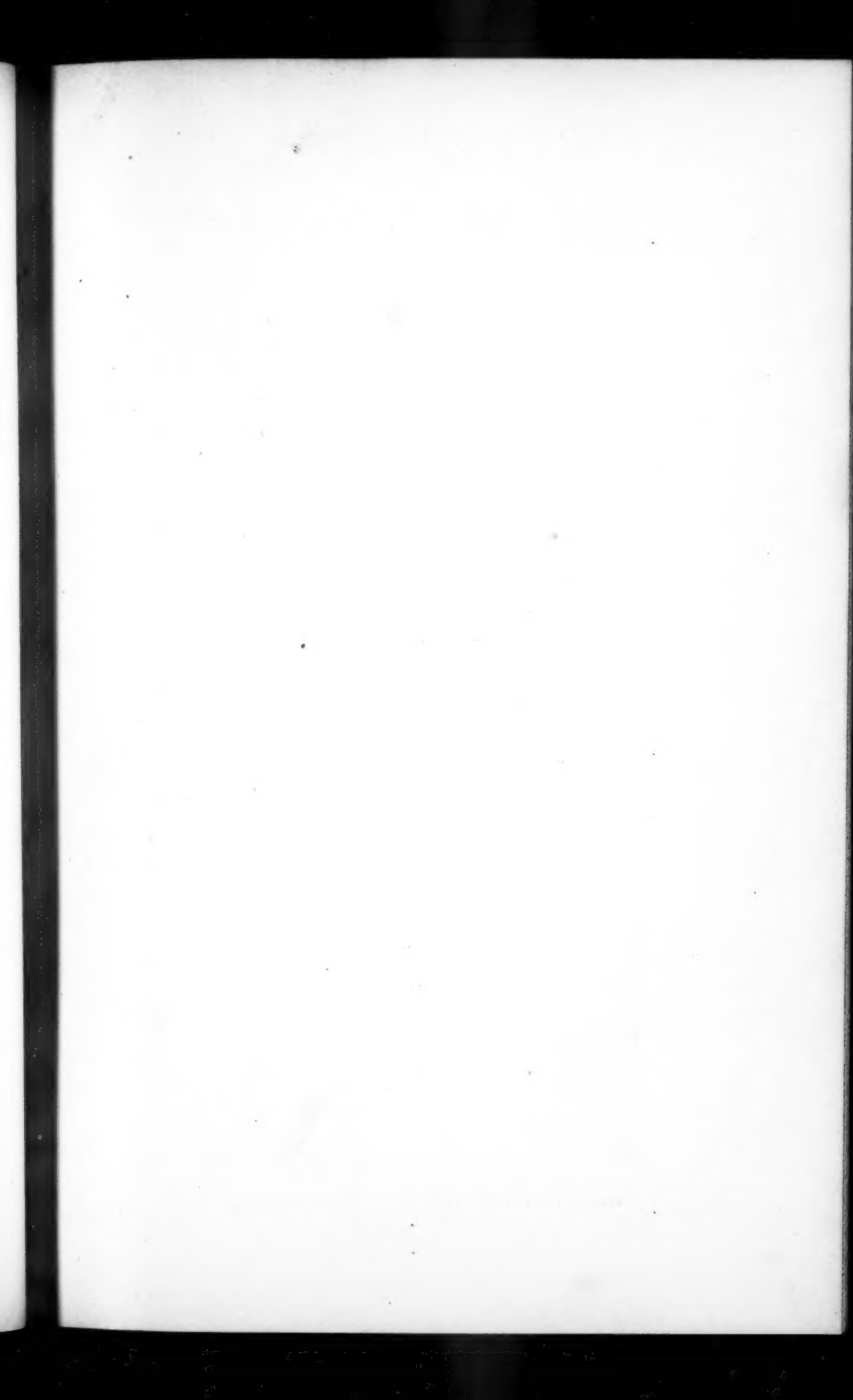
You'll find me hid with bats at noon,  
Abroad with owls at rise of moon;  
By muskrat bank, at cony's hole,  
I am the same congenial soul.

I'm free to count the hornet's rings,  
The spots upon woodpecker wings;  
I take the breezes by the arm,  
And tramp at will my neighbor's farm.

Courtier, in unpretending dress,  
Of all-excelling idleness,  
I serve apart from menial care,  
Her Highness of the Open Air.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.







SAVONAROLA AND THE MARZOCCO, OR LION OF FLORENCE.  
(After the Statue by Pazzi.)